THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
IS PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING
At Ebensburg, Pa., by H. A. McPike.

Guaranteed Circulation - 1,128
AND STILL A BOOMING. MATCH IT?

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One copy, one year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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☞ Pass for your paper before you stop it, stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life's too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." $1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

VOLUME XIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, APRIL 18, 1879. NUMBER 13.

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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't forget it.

ESTABLISHED FOR THIRTY-FOUR YEARS.

F. W. HAY & SON

Manufacturers,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet Iron Wares

AND DEALERS IN

HEATING, PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

ATTENTION

EVERYBODY!

We desire to inform the public in general that we have

Established a Store

—AT—

TUNNEL HILL,

And respectfully invite attention to the fact that it embraces

Much More in Quantity and Variety

than is usually kept in stores of the kind.

It is everywhere conceded by those who have given us a call that

OUR STOCK

IS NOT EQUALLED FOR

QUALITY, VARIETY and EXTENT

of any other stock in the neighborhood, and as we shall from time to time add new features and new lines of goods—shall always buy in large quantities and allow no reduction in stock—we hope by strict adherence to GOOD GOODS, CLOSE PRICES AND SQUARE DEALING TO MAKE OUR STORE THE GREAT POPULAR

HEADQUARTERS FOR

ALL KIND OF GOODS!

Sure than that, we shall endeavor to make it the interest of all classes to

DEAL WITH US PERMANENTLY

by carefully catering to their wants and wishes and treating them as we ourselves would wish to be treated in all matters pertaining to business.

TO FARMERS

We would say, we have an unlimited demand for all kinds of grain and produce, and can offer the highest market price in advance of others in the business.

CASH PAID FOR GRAIN WHEN SO BARGAINED FOR

☞ We earnestly solicit the patronage of the public and pledge our best efforts in all transactions.

B. M. JOHNSTON & CO.

STORES { Hollidaysburg, Williamsburg, McKee's, Tunnel Hill.

FLOURING MILL—WILLIAMSBURG, PA.

January 24, 1879.-6m.

GET ALL THE LIGHT YOU CAN

—ON THE SUBJECT OF—

Cheap Groceries!

By reading the advertisements, circulars, prices-lists, etc., of other dealers, and then go to

F. P. CONFER'S

MODEL GROCERY STORE!

1324 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 10th & 11th Sts., Altoona, Pa.,

and "counter" your patronage on a man who can not only show you the largest, most varied and complete stock of goods ever offered for sale in this city, comprising everything fresh and pure in the way of CONFECTIONERIES, PROVISIONS, Dried and Canned FRUITS, NOTIONS, &c., &c., and does sell at prices fully as cheap and a little cheaper than any other man or firm in the business, no matter where they reside or what inducements they offer.

I call for the liberal patronage heretofore conferred upon him by his friends in Cambria and elsewhere, and hoping for a continuance and increase of the same, the subscriber respectfully invites everybody to call and examine goods and prices before buying at any other place.

F. P. CONFER.

Feb. 28, 1879. Model Grocery, Altoona, Pa.

POOR HOUSE DIRECTOR.—The undersigned offers himself as a candidate for the above office, subject to the decision of the Democratic County Convention. If nominated and elected he pledges himself to perform the duties of the office with honesty and fidelity.

C. J. SANDERS.

Allegheny Twp., March 21, 1879.-4t.

☞ I MEAN TO MAINTAIN

MY REPUTATION

AS THE CHEAPEST

CLOTHING MERCHANT!

IN BLAIR COUNTY.

MY OLD

CLOTHING HOUSE,

NEXT DOOR TO P. O.,

TWELFTH STREET, ALTOONA,

—IN A—

BLAZE OF GLORY!

NEW STOCK!

NEW OUTFIT!

NEW STYLES!

GRAND SPRING OPENING

—OF—

CLOTHING

For Spring and Summer Wear.

CALL EARLY AND SECURE A BARGAIN.

GODFREY WOLF,

NEXT DOOR TO P. O.,

TWELFTH STREET, - ALTOONA, PA.

April 4, 1879.-4t.

HOW IS THIS FOR CHEAP?

S. TEITELBAUM,

OF CARROLLTOWN, OFFERS

8½ lbs. Green Coffee for	$1.00
15 lbs. Brown Sugar for	1.00
10 boxes Essence Coffee for	25c.
1 lb. Pure Japan Tea for	50c.
No. 2 Mackerel, per kit, at	1.50
Lake Herring, per ½ bbl., at	1.20
1 lb. Goshen Cheese for	10c.
1 gal. Non-Explosive C. Oil,	16c.
1 " N. Orleans Molasses,	50c.

AND ALL OTHER GOODS AT

PRICES EQUALLY LOW!

☞ Don't pass this announcement unnoticed, but read and profit by it for your own benefit.—Meantime permit us to state clearly and distinctly that it behoves all parties in these times of depression to invest their money where it will bring the best returns. Hence it is that all are urged to buy their Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, and all other kind of merchandise from

S. TEITELBAUM,
Feb. 7, 1879.-tf. Carrolltown, Pa.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

BY virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on

SATURDAY, APRIL 26th, 1879,

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M., all the right, title and interest of James A. Smith, late of Gallitzin borough, deceased, of, in and to a PIECE OR PARCEL OF LAND situated in the said borough of Gallitzin, adjoining land of Penn'a Rail Road, James M'Closkey, and others, containing **3 Acres and 51 Perches,** with a two story FRAME HOUSE and STABLE thereon erected.

Terms of Sale.—One-third the purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the residue in two equal annual payments, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage.

JOHN A. SMITH,
[4-11.-3t.] Executor of JAMES A. SMITH, dec'd.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to report distribution of the money in the Sheriff's hands arising from the sale of the real estate of John Durbin, one of the defendants in the case of Charles Flick vs. John Durbin and Luke Durbin, No. 96 March Term, 1879, *Alias Fi. Fa.*, on which the real estate of Luke Durbin was sold for the sum of $1,275.00, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of that appointment, at my office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, May 6th, 1879,* at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims or be forever debarred from coming in on that fund.

GEO. W. OATMAN, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 9, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—John Bradley vs. Martin Woodcock.—In Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County: No. 102, March Term, 1878. *Fend. Expos.*

And now, 2d April, 1879, Joseph McDonald, Esq., appointed Auditor to distribute funds in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate on above stated writ. In making distribution, to hear evidence and allow defendant such credits as may be duly proven. By the Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, the **6th** day of MAY, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—J. S. Strayer, Assignee of P. F. Shaffer, vs. Jeremiah Crowley and Catharine Crowley.—In Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County: No. 87, December Term, 1879. *Fend. Expos.*

And now, April 9th, 1879, on motion of Johnston & Scanlan, the Court appointed Joseph McDonald, Esq., an Auditor to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate, on above writ of Court.

In pursuance of the above appointment, the Auditor will sit at the Court House in Ebensburg, on THURSDAY, the **8th** day of May, 1879, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where parties interested may attend if they think proper.

JOSEPH McDONALD, Auditor.
Ebensburg, April 11, 1879.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that Jacob Kunsman, of White township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, and Elizabeth Kunsman, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said Jacob Kunsman to J. C. Gates, of White township, in trust, for the benefit of the creditors of the said Jacob Kunsman. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said Jacob Kunsman will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

J. C. GATES,
April 4, 1879.-3t. Assignee of Jacob Kunsman.

LAST AND ONLY NOTICE.—Parties indebted to W. H. SLOAN, M. D., of Chest Springs, are hereby notified for the second and last time that if they do not call on the undersigned and settle their respective accounts, either by cash or note, on or before the **1st** DAY OF MAY, proximo, they may rest assured that measures will be adopted for bringing the matter, with costs and vexation of spirit thereto appended. JOHN WAGNER.
Chest Springs, April 4, 1879.-3t.*

NOTICE!—Notice is hereby given that the first and partial account of Jacob Yeagle, Assignee of Paul Ekwanger, has been filed in the office of the Prothonotary of Cambria county and will be presented to the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, for allowance, on the first Monday of June next.

C. F. O'DONNELL, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, April 7, 1879.-5t.

HAVE HOPE.

The shadow of the mountain falls athwart
the lowly plain,
And the shadow of the cloudlet hangs
above the mountain's head—
And the highest hearts and lowest wear the
shadow of some pain,
And the smile is scarcely fitted ere the anguished tear is shed.

For no eyes have there been ever without a
weary tear,
And those lips cannot be human which
never heaved a sigh;
For without the dreary winter there has
never been a year,
And the tempests hide their terrors in the
calmest summer sky.

So this dreary life is passing—and we move
amid its maze,
And we grope along together, half in darkness, half in light;
And our hearts are often hardened by the
mysteries of our ways,
Which are never all in shadow and never
wholly bright.

And our dim eyes ask a beacon and our weary feet a guide,
And our hearts of all life's mysteries seek
the meaning and the key;
And a cross gleams o'er our pathway, on it
hangs the crucified,
And he answers all our yearnings by the
whisper: "Follow Me."

FATHER RYAN.

PROF. CROFTLEY'S CRIME.

AN INVENTION WHICH PROVED THE DEATH OF THE INVENTOR.

A few weeks ago some workmen engaged in removing an old mansion at the corner of California and Mason streets were considerably puzzled at finding a number of copper wires connecting the bath room with the room above. The owners of the property were equally puzzled, having never before known of their existence.

The wires were removed and nothing more thought of the matter. This recalls to my mind an incident which many will now remember.

On the 14th of July, 1862, a Professor Croftley was found dead in the bath room I have just mentioned. Croftley was well known among scientific men as a Professor of Chemistry, and, besides, had a large circle of acquaintances in this city. He was supposed at the time to have committed suicide, and his death furnished a three days' sensation for the press. The accounts in four leading newspapers materially conflicted, which made the matter all the more interesting to the public. All agreed, however, with a singular unanimity of opinion, that he was dead. Even the Call, while not positively admitting his demise in the article, virtually conceded it in the head lines.

Croftley, when found, was lying in the bath, covered with wounds of so curious a nature that no one could explain how they came to be inflicted. They were deep, ragged and gaping, there was no instrument found in the room with which they might have been made. Even the detectives who visited the scene of Croftley's death shook their heads and were at sea. Those who discovered the body found the door securely fastened from the inside, and they were obliged to burst it open. The room had no other means of egress or ingress.

"Suicide!" remarked one of the reporters.

"How came these wounds on the back?" asked a detective.

"Who else was here?" responded a journalist. And neither man had any thing more to say.

A post mortem revealed nothing new, except that the physicians found a state of the blood which they could not satisfactorily account for.

"He was frozen," said a young physician, whose opinion seemed to have its foundation only in surmise.

"You seem to have forgotten that this is July," remarked an elderly gentleman connected with a University.

The newspapers vied with each other in building up ingenious theories accounting for the affair. The Coroner's jury found a verdict of suicide for want of anything better, and the remains were buried.

The reader who desires to get a more detailed account of the affair as related at the time can do so by referring to the files of any of the city papers of that date. In fact I would produce them here did space permit. The main thing, however, is to clear up the mystery of Croftly's remarkable death.

He came to the Coast in 1860, and was reputed to be a man of sufficient means to live handsomely on the interest of his money. He stopped a while at the Oriental Hotel and there met Edward Dean, a young man, who, like himself, was a gentleman of leisure. They became intimate, and, finally, tired of hotel life, they determined to seek quarters which would be more congenial and home like. They found these quarters at the residence of Richard Armstrong, a mutual acquaintance, who lived in very desirable quarters on the corner of Mason and California streets. Before the costly habitations of Stanford, Crocker and other millionaires sprang into existence, Armstrong's house came very near being called a mansion. Armstrong rented Croftley and Dean three elegant rooms, partly because he was running on a pretty close margin financially. The two found their new quarters as attractive as men could wish. Mr. Armstrong was a widower, and the three men had some rare old times together evenings. His cellar was stocked with excellent wines, and his library with books of the very rarest vintage of literature.

One evening a hack drove up to the door, and a woman clad in wraps, bounded up the steps with astonishing vigor and agility, like the most Western girls who are blest with good health and animal spirits. She dashed into the hall in a style that sent a perceptible tremor throughout the house, and fell into old Armstrong's arms. A fusilade of kisses followed.

It was his daughter Alice.

Next morning the usual formalities of introduction were gone through, and Miss Armstrong became one of the fixtures of the place. A few days before her arrival Professor Croftley had suggested the idea of living somewhere near the centre of the city. After Miss Armstrong entered the house, however, no further allusion was made to the proposed removal. The Professor began to pay Miss Armstrong the most devout attentions, and, as a matter of course, she fell madly in love with young Dean, who paid her none. It is generally conceded that the most effective way of wooing a woman is to let some other man do it. The woman tires of the indefatigable lover and the man who treats her with indifference is soon preferred. Some men learn this by experience; Dean discovered it by accident.

He presently began to turn his knowledge to excellent account, and a bitter rivalry sprang up between the two men. Croftly soon realized that he was not the favorite, and never for the life of him could realize how a woman could form an attachment for a man who, hadn't the remotest idea of chemistry. He forgot that he was somewhat old, and that women dislike to cast their bridal wreaths upon the snow. He finally determined to put his rival out of the way, and set about laying his plans.

After a couple of weeks' deliberation he concluded to murder Dean, and to do it so scientifically that discovery would be next to impossible.

One day I was in his room—being an occasional visitor—and observed him busily engaged in chemical experiments. Said he: "Did you ever realize that the conditions which result in congelation might be produced chemically?"

I confessed that I had never given the subject much thought.

"Of course you know that sudden evaporation causes cold?"

I knew nothing of the kind at the time, but nodded assent rather than confess my ignorance.

"I can produce ice instantaneously," he continued. "This is my assistant," pointing to an electric battery. "With a current of say 100 omes of electricity, I can accelerate enough evaporation to freeze instantly 100 gallons of water."

Here the professor took a basin of water and poured in a small quantity of colorless liquid. "This is ammonia," said he. "But this"—here he added about as much of some other liquid—"is something else."

"What is it?"

"No one knows but myself."

I deemed it impertinent to question him further. He then attached the wires of his battery to the water.

"When I make the connecting current the water will become ice."

I watched, much interested, and he laid his hand on a piece of metal which was part of the apparatus, and the turning of which caused the currents to connect. He turned the brass piece, and instantly a cloud of vapor rose from the surface of the water. Crystals shot from the sides of the basin with astonishing rapidity, and there was a sharp, crackling sound as the water, expanding in it, caused a strain upon the basin which pressed upon the sides.

"With 500 omes," continued the Professor, "I can freeze 500 cubic feet of water."

I left the house very much impressed with the discovery made by the Professor, and a few days afterwards learned of his death. The public considered it a case of suicide. I made a careful examination of the premises, and came to different conclusions. It was the hand of Alice Armstrong that killed Professor Croftley.

Let us go back a little. After the Professor realized what could be done with his new appliance of electricity he determined to utilize it in the murder of Dean. He hit upon the grand idea of freezing him in the bath.

"She will not love him cold," he said, and began to arrange his plans. Dean was fond of the bath. He retired at midnight, and always took a bath just before. The bath-room of Armstrong's house was an exceptionally good one. It was situated but a short distance from the suit occupied by the Professor and Dean. The tank was of marble, eight feet wide, ten feet long and six feet deep, capable of holding 480 cubic feet of water. Croftley connected the bath with his own room by means of wires. One entered the bath by the waste pipe. He reached this by digging in the garden under the pretext of planting flowers. The wire ran down the side of the house and into the ground. It was concealed from observation by a lilac bush. The other was connected with the pipe which furnished the water. He bored a hole in the wall and found the pipe, as he expected, running in the rear of the room close to the floor. He then increased the jars of his battery, and raised its strength to 500 omes.

No suspicion was excited by this, as he had been for months before making electrical experiments. His apparatus removed, its wires could be pulled away from the others and no trace would be left of previous connection.

On the night of the 3d of July all was in readiness. Croftley laid his plans with nicety and deliberation. Dean always took a bath before retiring, which was about midnight. In the morning Croftley had purchased two seats at the Metropolitan Theater, and given them to Armstrong, who took his daughter to the play. By eight o'clock every thing was safe from interruption until eleven o'clock, and perhaps later.

He now began to work in earnest. He filled the tank with water, and then tested his wires over and over again. Everything was in splendid working order. He calculated that he could embed his rival in ice about midnight, and then turn on the hot water. In the morning there would be no trace left of the freezing. He rubbed his hands with delight, and then poured in the chemical proportions, wherein lay the secret of discovery. Having done this he went back to his room and laid the two connecting wires of his apparatus side by side upon the instrument. It was now nine o'clock. He turned the gas up to a full blaze to disperse the shadows, took an easy chair, and determined to read until Dean's return. The silence of the house became unbearable, and the sultriness of the apartment more and more oppressive. His excitement began to tell upon him, and he was no longer cool. The man who is about to kill suffers more pangs than he who knows he is about to die. Croftly paced up and down the apartment, and then a strange fascination drew him toward the bath. He entered the room again and stood gazing into the motionless water in the tank, and then murmured to himself: "Four hundred and eighty cubic feet, 500 omes."

There was a gas jet above the tank, and its faint glow was reflected in the water. The water looked cool and refreshing. There was yet more than an hour. Croftly turned the catch of the door from force of habit, and throwing off his clothes plunged in. It was so agreeable that he began to reflect in his mind whether he would not continue to enjoy the bath and postpone the murder.

Suddenly the hall door was slammed, and he heard the voice of Miss Armstrong talking to her father. The pair had indeed returned, having left the theater because they did not care to be bored with Mrs. Bowers' hackneyed rendering of Queen Elizabeth. Passing along the hall, they saw the Professor's door open, and the gas in full blast. Armstrong hated to see anything go to waste, and told his daughter to go in and lower the gas, as the room was unoccupied. Miss Armstrong went in as directed, and her father passed up stairs. While alone the girl could not resist the temptation to pull a little note from her bosom and read it again. She had received it that morning and had already perused it about twenty times. It read:

DEAR ALICE: Will you be my wife?
YOURS, EDWARD DEAN.

Dean was a young man, who, when he had any thing to say, said it at once, and stopped on reaching the point.

She pored over the letter about five minutes, and then, returning it to its place looked about her. Her eye presently fell on the instrument connected with Croftley's battery. She took up one of the wires, and was about to lay it on the other and see if there would be a shock, when her courage failed her, and she dropped it across its mate. A spark flashed out which startled her. She drew back, lowered the gas, and went to bed.

At the instant the wires were connected, Croftley was in the centre of the bath. A shock and terrible chill passed through his frame, and he felt a cloud of vapor rising from the surface of the water and sweeping into his face. Myriads of spear-like crystals shot out from the edge of the tank and converged toward him like so many shafts of death. He realized his situation and dashed to reach the steps; as he did so, he threw himself against the jagged edges of a sheet of ice half an inch thick.

There was a frightful gash in his side, from which blood was streaming. He struggled madly amid the ice, and every throe brought fresh wounds. His limbs moved no longer in the water; they were enveloped in slush. The ice closed about him like a vice. He was dead.

After the evaporation of the chemicals the electricity no longer had any effect, and the heat of the room began to tell upon the ice. The mass melted, and by four o'clock in the morning the corpse of Croftley was floating upon the surface of the bath. He was not missed until nine o'clock in the morning, when Dean burst open the door and found him as described.

The rest is known. The jury gave a verdict of suicide, and Miss Armstrong and Edward Dean were married on the 22d of the same month.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

THE TOAD MARKET.—Among the curious sights to be seen in Paris must be reckoned the toad market. Toads are there sold by the barrel. Think of it! Toads selling like potatoes. Who buys them? Vegetable gardeners.—Why? For the reason that toads devour the insects that would otherwise devour the vegetables. Who devours the toads? Contrary to some ideas—not the French people. But toads are being sold now, not devoured, and it is with the selling we are interested. How do they vend them? The man in blouse bares his arm and thrusts his open hand into the slimy swarm and brings up two, three or four gymnastic toads, wriggling and writhing. He points out their merits and delivers them in a box by the dozen, to the eager market gardener, who takes his choice and pays his price. The buying and selling are done expeditiously and quietly, and the profit to the venders is great.

"HIS BROTHER MAN."

A STORY OF AVARICE THAT WAS EFFECTUALLY CURED.

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "I will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will be homeless. It is hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine—you might then know something of the life of a poor man. If you could only in imagination put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

"It is useless talking; I extended this one year, and I can do so no longer," replied Mr. Merton, as he turned to his desk and continued writing.

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office. His last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long illness, which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his home. True, Mr. Merton had waited one year, when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to sickness in his family, and he felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for seven months, during which time he could earn nothing, and all his savings were needed for the support of his family. Again he failed, and now he would again be homeless and have to begin the world anew. Had heaven forsaken him and given him to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from him the thoughts to which the poor man in his grief had given utterance, "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "Put yourself in my place," intruded.

Once, after it had crossed his mind, he laid down his pen, and said, "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in this afternoon and see how it fares with his family; that man has aroused my curiosity."

About five o'clock he put on a gray wig, and some old, cast-off clothing, and walked to the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman opened it. The poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered the features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveler noted it all, and was forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she could not feel, for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed the frugal meal, led them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low figure, and instead of waiting till I had money enough to build, as I ought to have done, I thought I would borrow a few hundred dollars. The interest on the money would not be near as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the money, but the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without any means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year if I would pay the interest, which I did. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything, and, of course, when pay-day comes around—and that will be very soon—I shall be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year, if you make all the circumstances known to him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bishop, "I saw him this morning, and he must have the money."

"He must be very hard-hearted," responded the traveler.

"Not necessarily so," replied Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had but the faintest idea of what the poor had to pass through their hearts and purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb, when a poor man needs assistance he should apply to the poor. The reason is obvious. Only the poor know the curse of poverty. If Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to go through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal he arose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality.

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night; he lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had found far in advance, in intelligence, sympathy, and politeness, of the exquisites and fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large, blue envelope, addressed to Mrs. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it, for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and she thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said fervently: "Thank heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John.—"Such news as I never hoped for or even dreamed of."

"What is it? Tell me quick—I want to hear, if it is anything good."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage—released me from debt, both interest and principal—and says any time I need further assistance, if I will let him know I shall have it."

"I am so glad! It puts new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning, I will go right over to Mr. Merton and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you" he asked, "to show us so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place. I expect that it will surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveler to whom you showed so much kindness was myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop.—"Well, it is a good joke," said the latter; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their action general. I thought I had greatly the advantage over you in means and education; yet how cramped and narrow have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honor to any man. I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—beyond what money could make you: you have treasures that gold will not buy.—Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. What I have learned at your house is worth more than you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter I shall take as my motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' and try to regulate my action by it.'"

A THIEF SHREWDLY CAUGHT.—Dishonest people often show a great deal of cunning—and they have use for a great deal. But very few of them master all the secrets of detection, so as to perfectly shield themselves long in their bad trade.

"Where did you get them tomatoes?" asked an old Long Island farmer of a neighbor, whose real estate yields not a tomato vine. His basket was full of very fine, ripe specimens, which he thought he recognized. It was not the first time suspicion of his neighbor's honesty had arisen in his mind.

"Where did you get 'em?" he asked again.

"Bought 'em."

"Ah! Let's look at your hands."

With his basket on his arm, he held out both hands for examination. "What do you want to look at my hands for? There aint nothing on to 'em."

The old farmer was washing his own hands at the same time in a tin basin of rain water, with a wooden bowl of soft brown soap before him.

"No, there aint nothing on 'em that you can see; but look a-here! Set down your basket and wash 'em. It's werry coolin', and your face and hands look hot."

So saying, he emptied the basin and filled it with cold water, pointed to the soap dish, and relieved the bearer of his basket. The first immersion and friction of the hands in the water caused the fluid to turn green. It grew greener every second, and at length turned an intense dark green.

"Here, Jim," said the farmer to his towheaded son, "take in this basket and empty it, and bring it out again."

Then turning to his honest neighbor, he said: "You hooked them tomatoes from my patch half an hour ago. Three or four of the topones I knew in a minute. Here's your basket!"

If any country reader of the foregoing would test this discovery of a theft, let him pick one or two tomatoes next season, separating the vines with naked hands, and then wash them. There is a mysterious something about the plant, perfectly colorless, that remains on the hands until water removes it.

Moral: One never comes out of a guilty deed with clean hands, however fair an appearance he may put on.

ONE day Billy, that's my brother, he and Sammy Doppy was playin' by a mudhole, and Billy he said: "Now, Sammy, les play we was a barnyard; you be the pig and lie down and woller, and I'll be a bull and beller like everything." So they got down on their hands and knees, and Sammy he went in the mud and wollered, wile Billy bellered like distant thunder. Bimeby Sammy he cum out muddy—you never see such a muddy little feller—and he said: "Now you be the pig an' let me beller." But billy he said: "I ain't a very good pig 'fore dinner, and ittle be time 'nuff for you to beller wen yer mother sees yer close."

Dissolution of a Remarkable Copartnership in Wisconsin.

In the town of Westport, six miles north of Madison, Wis., have lived for many years two brothers named Dominick and Martin O'Malley. These brothers, when young men, in 1852, in the mountains of California, while mining there, verbally agreed to join their efforts and their fortunes and to be partners in all their business enterprises. That partnership existed until yesterday. Shortly after it was formed Martin went to Australia, lured there by the gold excitement, and Dominick remained in California. Each kept an account, and the firm, with all the vicissitudes and varying luck of the miner's life, kept solvent. Martin returned from Australia to Wisconsin, and began farming operations, and a year or two after Dominick returned. Every dollar of earnings or profits received by either of them went to the partnership fund, and every loss encountered by either, no matter in what hemisphere or under what circumstances, came out of the firm capital.

After their return to Wisconsin Martin married. The firm kept right on; the lands were all owned together; the house, as a homestead for family use, was built; every shingle used and every nail driven at firm expense, and household supplies procured also on firm account. Dominick soon after lost an arm. He went to France at firm expense to procure an artificial arm. He visited Ireland, and came back bringing a wife, imported at the expense of the firm. Then another house was built on the firm's lands and supplied out of the common fund with all housekeeping requisites. Since then their lands have been tilled; they have dealt in lands, and at present own extensive tracts in Kansas, besides some 700 or 800 acres in Westport. Such securities as they owned—the surplus earnings of many years of thrift—were invested entirely in Dominick's name. Every dollar of expense and earnings of each family were a partnership account, and the accumulation was never divided until yesterday. In fact, everything they had, but their wives and babies, were firm property. They lived in perfect concord, without a single difference or discord on the part of themselves or families. Dominick, by reason of his disablement, naturally attended to the general business, and Martin devoted himself most assiduously to the cultivation of the farms.

They were both in feeling disinclined to disturb the existing order of things. But as the years began to whiten their heads, and their children to approach mature age, they felt it a duty to dissolve this complex relation. Their method of doing this was as novel as their previous dealings had been. They went to their counsel and entered into a carefully prepared written agreement, arranging for division and dissolution, to carry out which, at whatever cost of personal disappointment, they bound themselves by the most solemn covenants. Their respective houses were unlike in value and desirability. In dividing these and assigning to each his part they sold the right of choice to the highest bidder of the two. It was agreed that, should a change of houses be caused by their division, the entire household effects used by each should be left in the house he moved from, and that only the clothing of the family, the family Bible and pictures should be taken to the new home. The right of choice was awarded to Dominick, and he chose the house of Martin, who generously yielded it, as Dominick's family was the larger, and needed the larger house. So they are to change households, each taking his wife, children and their clothing, Bible and pictures, leaving everything else, and proceed to the home of the other and own and occupy it henceforth. It cost their wives a sigh of regret, but they cheerfully entered into this arrangement, and it was carried out with perfect confidence and good feeling. They have effected a division of all their lands except the Kansas lands, and for the first time since they were householders, they may be said to own a spoon or knife, fork, plate or tin dipper which is not partnership property.

These brothers are highly respected. They have often held offices of trust in their towns. Dominick was a member of the Assembly in the year 1861.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A DOG.—A Broughty Ferry lady, writing to her friends from Dublin, gives an account of a strange occurrence by which her husband was saved from being run down in a ferry-boat. The gentleman was just about to step into the ferry-boat to cross the river, when a large retriever rushed upon him, caught hold of his trousers with his teeth, and at the same time kept up a constant howl.

It was only after considerable difficulty that he could get himself released, and by that time the ferry-boat had been shoved off into the river.

The gentleman naturally felt much annoyed at being prevented from crossing, but his feelings underwent a change when, a minute later, he saw the ferry-boat run down by a steamer which had approached without noticing the boat.

The passengers were thrown into the water, but, fortunately, the crew of the steamer were successful in saving them all, some being very much exhausted however.

While thinking of the singular means by which he had been saved from the accident, the gentleman could not help noticing the conduct of the dog, which followed closely at his heels.

He tried every means to get rid of it during the day, but in the afternoon the animal was still following him, and he was obliged to take it home with him. The dog has now been installed as watchman of the house, and has already shown great attachment to the gentleman and his family.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 18, 1879.

IT will be remembered that the Republican Senate at Washington, previous to going out of power on the 4th of March, conveniently forgot, at the instance of course of Don Cameron, to take any action on the nomination of that veteran office-holder, ex-Governor Pollock, as Surveyor of the Port of Philadelphia. When the Senate met in extra session, Mr. Hayes again sent his name to that body, and the Democratic Senators last week did for Pollock what a Republican Senate refused to do, which means that they confirmed his nomination, and thus contributed as far as they could to enable Pollock to die with his official harness on.

IN an interview at Fort Wayne, Indiana, on the 8th instant, between ex-Governor Hendricks, then in that city professionally engaged in an important case in Court, and a reporter of the New York *World*, Mr. H. declared, in reply to a question, that he would not again consent to be placed on the Democratic ticket as a candidate for the Vice Presidency. His words to the reporter were: "I can say also what I have said in that letter (a letter addressed by him to a friend in Washington), which may or may not have been published, that I did not feel under any obligations to again accept a second place upon the ticket.—I was beaten in the last convention and I accepted my defeat, and became a candidate for an office which I did not desire. I don't think that I am called upon to do this again."

ONLY two months ago, on the 22d of February, three men—Bousch, Scott and Crown—were sentenced by a Pittsburgh Court to imprisonment for one year in the county jail, having been convicted of fraudulently altering ballots and counting out Joseph A. Butler, who had been elected Alderman of the Seventh ward at the previous city election.—Crown made his escape before the trial, and last week the other two, Bouschand Scott, were pardoned. The fact that two petitions, containing about 500 signatures, asking for clemency, were submitted to the Pardon Board, is adduced in extenuation of the pardon. This proceeding is eminently disgraceful to the Pardon Board, and would have been none the less so if the petitions had been signed by *five thousand* instead of by *five hundred* names. Is it any wonder that the people have lost all confidence in and respect for the Board, and that there is such a universal cry for its repeal?

SO LONG as the Republicans controlled the United States Senate it was next to impossible for a Democrat from a Southern State to get his seat in that body if there was the shadow of an excuse for his exclusion. The cases of Louisiana and South Carolina are well remembered because they are recent. Judge Spofford, of the first named State, who had been legally elected, was refused admission and his seat given to Kellogg, as a reward for his services in helping to steal the electoral vote of the State from Tilden. Butler, of South Carolina, was only admitted after a two years' struggle, and then simply because his right was too plain to be set aside. The case of Charles H. Bell, who claimed his seat by virtue of his appointment by the Governor of New Hampshire, which came before the Senate since the present extra session began, was disposed of towards the close of last week by his admission, the yeas being 35 and the nays 28. The difficulty about his admission was purely a legal one, regarding which the best lawyers in the Senate differed. Ten Democrats, however, including General Gordon, of Georgia, Jones, of Florida, Walker, of Arkansas, and Williams, of Kentucky, gave Mr. Bell the benefit of the doubt and opened the way to his seat. This was like heaping coals of fire on the head of a State whose Senators in former days so often refused representation in the Senate to some of the Southern States on the most trifling and flimsy pretexts. The course of these ex-rebels in the Senate voting to admit Mr. Bell must be accepted, we suppose, as one of the steps in the "revolutionary" proceedings imputed to the Democracy by the radical newspapers, as soon as they would get control of both branches of Congress.

THE present House at Harrisburg contains *five* members of the well known Smith family—J. E., from Adams, Stephen J., from Berks, John B., from Luzerne, George P., from Philadelphia, and Carlton A., from Pike. Our knowledge of the personal merits of these several Smiths is, of course, very limited, but we incline to the opinion that Smith, of Luzerne is the most enterprising of the lot. He is the same Smith who went sleigh-riding, as he said he would, on the day of the U. S. Senatorial election, rather than cast his vote either for or against the son of Simon Cameron. It seems that Shurlock, Chief Clerk of the House, has the right to appoint fifteen (five would be enough) pages, or errand boys, who are usually from twelve to sixteen years of age, and who receive a salary of two dollars per day. Among the number is one of Shurlock's own sons, and also a son of ex-Speaker Mayer, who presided over the House last year. When Smith, of Luzerne, went to Harrisburg, he took his horses and carriage with him, as well as his big, burly coachman, who is about 35 years of age, and having secured from the Chief Clerk the right to name one of the page boys, instead of appointing some bright, intelligent lad from his district, he selected the driver of his carriage, who, at the end of the session will thus be enabled to pull down the sum of three hundred dollars. It is said that Smith's coachman is never—or, that is to say, hardly ever—seen on the floor of the House, and on a recent occasion when scarcely any of the fifteen were on hand, Hewitt, of Blair, suggested that the deficiency might be supplied by cutting up Smiths' *big* page into *three* of the ordinary size. Smith's method is about the last use to which a hay maker would think of putting a man who holds the ribbons over his horses.

THE Johnstown *Tribune*, which long since ceased to be an honorable advocate of Republican principles, took occasion a few days ago to make a wanton and unprovoked attack upon Hon. John Fenlon, one of the members of the Legislature from this county, using as an excuse therefor the fact that he had voted against the postponement of the further consideration of the Pittsburg riot bill, and intimating—nay, asserting—that Mr. Fenlon was heavier in the pocket for so doing. We deem it no part of our duty to defend either of the gentlemen who represent this county in the lower House against any decent, if even mistaken, strictures in regard to their course on any given question, but when the *Tribune* attempts to class Mr. Fenlon among the friends of the riot bill—or, for that matter, against it—and attributes mercenary motives to him in so doing, we feel that it would be ungenerous and unjust to the Democratic party and its representatives to remain silent. The fact that Mr. Fenlon voted as he did is no evidence that he is in favor of the State paying the damages caused by the Pittsburg riots. On the contrary, he was in duty bound to vote in that way, inasmuch as he had offered an amendment appointing a board of commissioners to examine into and report on the constitutionality of the proposed legislation, and the liability of the State for the loss sustained, and to be consistent he was obliged to oppose the postponement of the question and the consequent killing of his own amendment. More than this, we have his solemn assurance that he never intended and could not be induced to vote for either the riot bill or the border raid bill as presented, and that he is firmly convinced that the only true course to pursue is to have the powers of the Legislature to grant relief for said losses speedily tested, and especially so for the Democratic party, inasmuch as certain leading Republicans, not interested in either measure, are moving heaven and earth, as he puts it, to have them passed over, in order to use them for political effect in the election campaign of next year.

SMULL'S Legislative Hand-Book swindle has had a safe deliverance in the House, that virtuous body having finally decided last week, by a vote of 152 yeas to 3 nays, that *six thousand* copies should be paid for out of the State treasury and delivered to the members of the two Houses, which will give to each Senator *forty* copies, and to each Representative *twenty* copies. The "grab" went through without one word of debate except that an Allegheny patriot named Walker wanted to increase the steal to *eight* thousand copies, but was promptly silenced by a Philadelphia statesman named Leigh, who felt ashamed of the job, and promptly exclaimed, "Oh, no! It is bad enough now." An honest man may stand excused for his vote either in favor of the riot bill, or the border claims bill, but no man, not even *honest* John Brooks, the member from Cameron county, can justify his vote in favor of this Hand-Book booty any more than he could the larceny of a pair of boots.—This bill, or joint resolution, was originally introduced by Mr. Sherwood, of York, but having been apparently abandoned by him it was adopted by Mr. Provins, of Fayette, and tenderly cared for. These gentlemen are both Democrats, and we have no doubt were long and loud in their professions in favor of legislative retrenchment and reform when they were before the people soliciting their votes. They are now redeeming their pledges, and doing what they can to cause it to be accepted as a fact that Democratic promises in favor of reform are a delusion and a snare. It will be seen from the yeas and nays that *forty-six* members lacked the courage to vote, and, like Mahomet's coffin, were hung up between heaven and earth.—The *three* men who had the courage of their convictions and voted against the infamy were Nicholson, of Jefferson, Sherwood, of Northumberland, both Democrats, and Thickstun, of Crawford, a Greenback-Democrat.

IN the debate on the Pittsburgh riot bill in the House, it was contended by the opponents of the measure that to impose the payment of the damages on the State would be a clear violation of the new constitution. Whether this is so or not we will not now stop to inquire.—Assuming it, however, to be true, what explanation of their votes can be given by the *forty-seven* members who voted *against* the riot bill, and on the next day voted *in favor* of the border counties claim bill, which imposes a liability on the State of two millions six hundred thousand dollars? Is the constitution of such a loose nature that to-day it disallows the payment by the State of losses caused by a riotous mob, and to-morrow can be made to cover the State's responsibility for the destruction of property by the rebel invaders of her soil in 1863? If the votes of these forty-seven gentlemen were right on the riot bill, they were manifestly wrong on the border claims bill. We are unable to see any escape from this conclusion. The constitution cannot be made to cover the border claims and refuse to perform the same service for the sufferers by the riots, but must come to the rescue of both class of claimants, or ignore both. We never doubted the liability of the general government for the border claims, for the reason that the authorities at Washington took away from the State the Pennsylvania Reserves, which were organized for her protection and defence. For this reason there can be no liability resting on the State, unless it is imposed through motives of sympathy, which would apply with equal force to the payment of the losses resulting from the Pittsburgh riots.

STATE TREASURER NOYES, a few days ago, sent to the Senate a statement showing in detail the appropriations to penal and charitable institutions, as well as the amount paid and the amount yet due. From this statement it appears that for the years 1877 and 1878 and in three instances where the appropriation was extended to 1879, they aggregate $2,105,032.95; that of this amount there has been paid $583,257.65, leaving due and unpaid the sum of $1,521,775.90.—Col. Noyes suggests to the Legislature that the appropriations for the present year should be less and not greater than the estimated receipts into the Treasury.

How Dan. Magone Beat Tilden.

AN IMPORTANT AND STARTLING INCIDENT OF THE CAMPAIGN OF 1876.

The following account of how the Republicans took courage from Democratic doubts on the Presidential election night of 1876, says the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, is by Prof. Holden, in the *International Review* for April. That the incident related was alone responsible for the inspiration given the Republican leaders to count in Hayes is very doubtful, for proofs accumulate that such a conspiracy was framed long before the election, and that Chandler, Cameron & Co. were prepared to steal even more States had they been necessary to count in Hayes. But the story is told with a detail of narrative that makes it interesting, while it serves admirably to show how in politics, as in war and love, one side that otherwise has no chance, often takes courage and wins victory when inspired by signs of "weakening" on the other side.

It may be that the momentous consequences ensuing from the Republican villainy then did not flow from a Democratic chairman's timid inquiry at Republican sources, but the same thing was illustrated on a broader scale when in Congress the Republicans gained a foothold for their successful plan by the Democratic acknowledgment of a doubt in a matter regarding which our leaders should have planted themselves on the impregnable rock of certainty.

This is Prof. Holden's story:

On the night of Tuesday, the 7th of November, 1876, all the returns of the Presidential vote were not received in New York. There were 185 electoral votes required for a choice. The States of Florida, Louisiana, Oregon, Nevada, Colorado and South Carolina were distant, and in all of them the voting was expected to be close. The telegrams received in the early hours of the evening were from the nearest States, and strongly indicated the election of Mr. Tilden, if any single one of the doubtful States went with them. At three o'clock in the morning of the 8th the rooms of the Republican National Committee, in the Fifth Avenue hotel, were vacant. The hotel was quiet; only the clerk in the office and a few sleepy porters were stirring. The Republican officials had gone off to their beds to drown in sleep the disappointment of anticipated defeat. At the Democratic headquarters at the Everett house there was more activity and great elation. To quote from high authority on this side, "Uncle Sammy was to be pulled through."

But even elation is tiring, and by three o'clock in the morning these rooms, too, were nearly empty. The telegrams came in slowly. The time of the later ones was, "Hayes," "Hayes," "Hayes," until it became monotonous and droning, as well as alarming, to the sleepy ear.

In the newspaper offices the night editors were busily compiling returns and seeking the impersonal fame of a well-edited outside page. They, too, according to political complexion had been elated or alarmed; and alarm and elation were changing sides with them also. Still the Republican journals had small hope, and most of the early editions of them even published two editions, the first conceding the election to Mr. Tilden, and the next denying it.

At 3:45 a. m., the alarm at the Everett house took shape in the following telegram:

"Everett House, New York.

"*New York Times:*

"Please give your estimate of electoral votes secured for Tilden. Answer at once.

"D. A. MAGONE, JR.,

"Chairman Democratic Committee,

"Everett House.

["Time, 3:45 a. m."]

So there was doubt in the Democratic camp. Doubt there meant victory, or at least the claim of victory, to the *Times*. Take out the obnoxious leader, foreman of the composing room, but leave it standing with due prudence; we may need it to-morrow. Write a new leader of different tone, editor prothonotary, and carriage, boy, and look sharp. This is news for your betters at the other headquarters.

So the news editor of the *Times*, with the telegram in his hand, drives furiously to the Fifth avenue hotel, waking clerks and porters with the noise of his wheels. It was but a chance that the rooms were not empty.—"They had been until nearly daylight." But one of the faithful remained. He states, in his testimony (p. 527), Mr. Wm. E. Chandler "counsel" for the Republican Executive Committee, or for the Republican party: "I do not know the name of my client." At once the situation changed. The telegraph operator was wakened up. Dispatches went promptly to the doubtful points:

"Without Nevada Hayes is defeated.—Telegraph again when Nevada is sure."

To Florida:

"The Presidential election depends on the vote of Florida, and the Democrats will try and wrest it from us. Watch it, and hasten returns."

The same dispatch was sent to Louisiana. The next went to South Carolina:

"Hayes is elected if we have carried South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana. Can you hold your State?"

And to Oregon:

"Without Oregon, Hayes is defeated.—Don't be defrauded. Hasten returns."

Now, return to your newspaper. I have set the wheels in motion, and I am instantly going to Florida by way of Lynchburg and Raleigh. Answer your Democratic friend that Mr. Hayes is the President.

With this Mr. Chandler reaches into Florida for the present. Other Republicans go to the other doubtful States. They have the start of their Democratic rivals by several days, for the Everett house wakes up all too slowly to the situation. In the meantime two campaigns are being organized on the Democratic side. Twenty minutes before 9 o'clock each morning or receive no car that day. Although young Rapp had to walk from his home in Fulton to Price's Hill, a distance of four miles and a half, for sixty consecutive mornings during the cold weather of last winter, he never missed a car. It is another rule of the company that, when not on duty, a driver shall not ride on a car without paying regular fare. This rule and his poverty necessitated young Rapp walking home every night after leaving his car.—This made him a daily walk of nine miles, and this in addition to the fifteen hours that car-drivers are required to walk each day. Standing on a car-platform for fifteen hours a day, scantily clothed, perhaps hungry, walking to and from his work through the bitter weather, the suffering of this young man must have been intense. Through it all the comfort of his father and mother was uppermost in his mind, and for two months he never spent a single cent of the wages for himself. Car-drivers receive their pay every evening, and every night he carried his little pittance home and gave it to his mother, even to the last one from St. Rose church yesterday his remains were borne to the grave, followed by a little band of friends and neighbors. The lamentations of his aged mother touched every heart, and surely a more never wept for a nobler son.

Some Current Curiosities.

Part of the Chattooga Mountain 'round about the "Devil's Pulpit," in the county of Habeesham, Georgia, was in labor last Thursday night and brought forth a muss by no means ridiculous. The Chattooga lifts its summit 1,200 feet above the Chattooga river, to the lip of which it slopes at a point four miles northeast of the town of Tallulah. About two o'clock on Friday morning the inhabitants of the region under and just beyond the shadow-range of the mountain felt the earth quake and heard rumble after rumble. Sharp bolts of lightning zigzagged around the sky and the gods played thunder on their big base drums. In the morning it was found that the northeast side of the mountain had sunk. More than forty acres of solid rock had settled down a distance of sixteen feet. There was a huge split from the peak down and numerous fissures, the whole vast side of the mountain apparently being rent. In some places trees were standing with their tops downward. The "Devil's Pulpit" was, however, intact. The current number of the Tocco *Herald* is brimful of the phenomenon.

Many curious discoveries have been made in the belt that stretches from the Pacific to the Great American Desert, but what follows appears to be new in the anthropology of the county: A resident of Richmond, Grant county, New Mexico, recently had occasion to dig a cellar. Just below the surface he came upon the ruins of an adobe structure, and six feet further down unearthed two skeletons, one that of a child and the other that of a full-grown person. The remarkable thing about the adult skeleton was a protuberance, larger than a hen's egg, though more oblong in shape, which was fastened like a horn to the back part of the skull. On the child's skull was a similar, but smaller, growth. Both skeletons were taken from niches in a stone wall. The Grant county *Herald* is inclined to think that the whole pre-historic race to which the specimens belong had the protuberance, a sort of rear nose done up in bone. The moralist will observe that a hind nose nowadays would be of infinite benefit to the average Congressional committee or the Brooklyn Presbytery.

A number of strange occurrences grouped: Joseph Walker, of Three Rivers, Mich., shot himself fatally on Friday because the town election went against the Greenback party, for which he had worked hard. ——— the small seeds of a grape caused the death of a San Francisco man the other day in lodging in the intestines and forming an abcess. Mrs. Annie Armstrong and Mrs. Mary Burns were arrested in Detroit, on Thursday for borrowing one another's children in order to make their families appear larger when the overseers of the poor were making the rounds. A fight between a cat, a crow and a dog is reported from Mount Holly, just over in Jersey, the *Herald*, of that place, being responsible. A white couple were married in Shelby county, Tenn., on March 20, by a colored divine.

In the little village of Brandon, State of Texas, there now dwells James B. Brandon, a man of means and a fancier of pet pups. Some time ago Mr. Brandon observed that the smallest of his small dogs had become the butt of his fellows of the kennel, so the little one was given a bed in the chicken house. When a month had passed it was noticed that the banished dog would not bark any more, but evinced a desire to crow. A week later the dog actually did crow and now joins the chanticleer chorus every morning. His crow is a perfect imitation of that of a full-spurred rooster.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A NOBLE SON.—Yea, and an honor to his kind was the young man of whom the following story is told in a late issue of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

There was buried from St. Rose (Catholic) church recently, a young man named Peter Rapp, a street car-driver. He was the only support of an aged father and mother, and the privations and suffering which he endured that they might have a home, with such necessaries of life as his scanty wages would provide, were doubtless the cause of his death. The family, consisting of the two old people and Peter, who was twenty-six years of age, lived in Washington street, near Front. The father is crippled and infirm.—The mother was only able to perform such light labor as was necessary in the care of their little household. All the money that came into their home was provided by the son from his small earnings. He paid their house rent, supplied them with food, clothing, fuel—everything. During the past winter, and up to a short time ago, when he was prostrated by the disease—pulmonary consumption—which terminated his life, he was in the employ of the Eighth street car line in the capacity of a driver. Those who know him speak of him as a hero who died that his father and mother might live. His wages were not sufficient to provide not only the necessities of life, and he chose that he himself should be the one to suffer most. During some of the severest weather of the past winter he wore neither overcoat nor underclothing, and thus contracted the cold that soon resulted in his death. It is a rule of the company that a driver must be ready to go out with his car at twenty minutes before 9 o'clock each morning or receive no car that day. Although young Rapp had to walk from his home in Fulton to Price's Hill, a distance of four miles and a half, for sixty consecutive mornings during the cold weather of last winter, he never missed a car. It is another rule of the company that, when not on duty, a driver shall not ride on a car without paying regular fare. This rule and his poverty necessitated young Rapp walking home every night after leaving his car.—This made him a daily walk of nine miles, and this in addition to the fifteen hours that car-drivers are required to walk each day. Standing on a car-platform for fifteen hours a day, scantily clothed, perhaps hungry, walking to and from his work through the bitter weather, the suffering of this young man must have been intense. Through it all the comfort of his father and mother was uppermost in his mind, and for two months he never spent a single cent of the wages for himself. Car-drivers receive their pay every evening, and every night he carried his little pittance home and gave it to his mother, even to the last one from St. Rose church yesterday his remains were borne to the grave, followed by a little band of friends and neighbors. The lamentations of his aged mother touched every heart, and surely a more never wept for a nobler son.

A TALE OF BLOOD AND BRUTALITY.—The Kieff correspondent of the St. Petersburg *Journal* gives the following account of the outbreak among the political prisoners last month which was briefly mentioned by telegraph at the time:

All the persons under arrest in the Kieff prison resolved some time ago to tunnel under the walls and escape. The scheme was betrayed by one of the conspirators. The authorities allowed the prisoners to continue the excavation. When the tunnel was completed and the prisoners had entered it one after the other, intending to come out through the opening beyond the prison precincts, soldiers previously posted at the opening shot the escaping prisoners as they came up. When the bulk of the prisoners, terrified by the noise of the firing, stopped and remained in the tunnel, soldiers were sent in from behind and the unfortunate wretches caught between two fires were all shot down. The proceeding seemed to give the officials much amusement, and the director of the Kieff prison has been praised and decorated for having acted with such cleverness and decision.

The correspondent adds:

"Quite in keeping with this is a statement published by the Russian chaplain in the prison at Charkoff, in the official *Eparchialin Wedomisti Diosen Intelligence*. He declares that of 500 persons detained at the prison 200 died within four months. One of the heaviest charges it will be remembered made by the Nihilists against the Russian official administration was brutal treatment of prisoners, in consequence of which the health of most of them have broken down, many dying and some being driven mad."

MRS. AMANDA BISHOP, mother of Wesley W. Bishop, died at her home in Norwich, Conn., on Wednesday. Her death is said to have been caused by the confession of her son to complicity in the notorious Cobb poisoning case.

HORRIBLE STORY OF THE GRAVE.—Some employes of the Pittsburg, Titusville, and Buffalo Railroad related a strange and horrible story yesterday, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of Thursday. It seems a man died last week at Triumph, a small place not far from Tidioute. The body was kept three days and at the expiration of that time buried. Then some curious persons remembered that a sister of the deceased had lain in a death-like trance for several days. It was suggested that perhaps the man had been prematurely buried. This suspicion took so strong a hold upon the people that it was resolved to exhume the body, and the coffin was disinterred Saturday last, after having laid three days in the grave. The lid was wrenched off, when a horrible sight greeted the eyes of the resurrectionists. Evidently the supposed corpse had revived, and the wretched man had fought desperately for his life. Imprints of his finger nails were visible on the lining of the coffin, which in some places were torn into shreds. The coffin itself was strained and wrenched apart at the joinings in the death agonies of the miserable man who was buried alive. He had turned completely over, and was found lying upon his breast, his distorted countenance indicating the frightful sufferings he had undergone.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.—Perhaps the most remarkable marriage recorded in Connecticut for years occurred on Thursday in Glastonbury. Miss. Julia E. Smith, sole survivor of the Smith sisters, famous throughout the country for the repeated sales of their Alderney cows to meet taxes, which they refused to pay because they could not vote, was married to Amos. G. Parker, of New Hampshire. He was a widower, is a lawyer by profession and of the same age as his bride—86 years. The affair has created much talk, and the only reason assigned is that Miss Smith, having lost her relatives, did not wish to be left dependent on the kindness of strangers in her closing years. She has a large estate, the accumulations of the entire family having come into her hands as the several members successively passed away. Mr. Parker is represented as hale and hearty, while his bride is sallow, wrinkled and bent with the weight of years.

LAST FALL a shooting occurred in Baltimore between a young man named James and Denwood B. Hinds, charged with the seduction of the sister of James. The young woman died some time ago. Wednesday morning the father of the girl and Hinds met on Calhoun street and drew pistols. Several shots were exchanged, resulting in the death of a James and the mortal wounding of Hinds.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Theodore Boyer, living near Pottsville, lost five children in a few weeks from diphtheria.

—Two young women of Parker City, Pa., will start out in a few days to walk to Leadville, Colorado.

—Patrick Casey, sixteen years of age, was suffocated in a colliery, at Girardville, on Friday afternoon.

—Several stores and residences were set fire to and destroyed in Edenburg on Friday morning. Loss, $5,000.

—The first hail storm ever known in Florida occurred at Pensacola on Monday. Hail fell as large as a hen's egg.

—A boy of seventeen has been united in marriage at Mt. Nebo, Lancaster county, to a buxom widow of thirty.

—Senator Houston, of Alabama, has a bald stripe over his head, with a flap of gray hair on either side. He is round-shouldered and large.

—Rensselaer L. Kerr, a boy, living seven miles from Allegheny City, was instantly killed on Friday afternoon by the accidental discharge of a gun he was carrying.

—A band of gypsies occupying wagons fitted up with every convenience and drawn by well-fed horses driven by colored hostlers recently passed through Lancaster county.

—A farmer from Berks, going West recently, passed through Snyder county in a wagon with his family. The latter consisted of a wife, eleven children, five dogs and a cat and kittens.

—A shock of earthquake was felt at Norfolk, N. Y., at a quarter past 11 o'clock Monday morning. The sound passed from west to east, lasting about thirty seconds, and was very distinct.

—The Pope having sent 5,000 lire for the relief of the Hungarian sufferers, the Danbury *News* deems it incumbent upon itself to explain that a lire is a coin, and not a sewing-machine agent.

—Lloyd Wimsatt, an eccentric and wealthy old gentleman living at Nelson Furnace, Ky., has spoken but twice in 14 years. It is not known whether his silence is because he cannot or will not talk.

—At Anna, Illinois, Friday, Mrs. Ed. Hathaway committed suicide by shooting herself with a revolver. She was a sister of John McNamee, who murdered his wife and committed suicide about a year ago.

—A dispatch says that on Wednesday evening George Hass, about fifty-five years old, residing near Shoholda, Pike county, Pa., cut his wife's throat in a terrible manner and then drowned himself in Shoholda creek.

—John Friedly, of Erie, fell desperately in love with a "Pinafore" singer, and stole a watch to raise funds to follow her around. A policeman finally caught up with him, and all further nonsense in that direction is postponed.

—East Earl, Pa., has a young lady who for sixteen years has never spoken to anybody but her mother and two sisters. When a child she was whipped by her father for some misconduct, and she then made a vow of silence.

—Confederate General Richard Taylor, of Louisiana, only son of the late President Taylor, died Saturday morning at 7:45 o'clock at the residence of Gen. S. L. M. Barlow, in New York. The cause of his death was dropsy.

—David Mauck, of Harrison county, Ind., on Wednesday night murdered his wife by blows of a pole-axe while she was asleep in bed, fatally injured Sarah Vaugh, a young woman living in the family, who went to her relief, and then fled.

—Stone & Craddell's barn at Green Island, N. Y., together with eleven horses, was burned at 10:30 o'clock Saturday night. Loss, $7,000; insurance, $5,000. A reward of $500 is offered for the arrest and conviction of the incendiary.

—William C. Martin, the real estate agent who was assaulted in his office, 323 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, on Friday, April 5, died about noon Saturday, without giving his family or the detectives the slightest clue to the identity of his assailant.

—Bridget Grady was killed at Shenandoah, on the Lehigh Valley railroad, Saturday morning, by being run over by a freight train while attempting to cross the track. Her body was terribly mangled. No blame is attached to the engineer of the train.

—L. G. Demnis, the Florida Republican politician, otherwise known as "The Little Giant of Alachua," has been found guilty of perjury at Gainesville, Fla., having, as is alleged, sworn falsely that he was a citizen of the State and county and as such entitled to vote.

—Worthy of notice: Exchanges tell us "If the names, companies, regiments, &c., of soldiers, whose remains are interred in any private cemetery are forwarded to the Commissioners of National Cemeteries at Washington, headstones will be furnished for them by the Government."

—Ira S. Remey, a farmer, aged forty-two years, formerly a man of wealth, residing at Westtown, N. Y., was found dead Friday night, lying on an unfrequented road a mile from his home, where he had perished from exposure.—He was of intemperate habits. He leaves a wife and several young children.

—The project of a World's Fair in New York in 1883 has so far advanced as to make it almost a certainty. The National Board of Trade has forwarded invitations to the Governors and Mayors throughout the country, inviting them to send commissioners to a great national convention to be held on the 18th of June next.

—Friday afternoon Joshua Walker, of Flowerfield, St. Joseph county, Mich., burned his barn, two years' wheat crop and his house, and tried to burn himself and his wife alive. They were saved by a neighbor. Walker stabbed one man who came to Mrs. Walker's rescue. He is subject to epilepsy, and was made ugly by a small provocation in his family.

—Twelve women, divided equally as to numbers, went to a quiet spot near Vincennes, Ind., to settle a feud by a fight. Several hundred men witnessed the combat, which lasted half an hour, and disfigured twelve faces. A local clergyman kept on the safe side of the truth when he said, "This was a sad commentary on our boasted civilization."

—"Egg-eating matches" have been introduced in the New England States. At Fall River, Mass., several days ago, two men had a dozen eggs each placed before them, and the question to be decided was which could break and swallow his dozen in the shorter time. The contest resulted in a tie, both men having achieved the feat in forty-two seconds.

—James L. Dumphrey, a Reading (Vt.) hotel keeper, on getting out of bed in the morning, said that he would die before night. He made his will, dressed himself as he desired to be buried, and then reclined in an easy chair, with a pipe and a Bible, to prepare for death.—The astonishing part of the story is that he did die, an attack of heart disease carrying him off.

—A young woman was recently divorced in London for the second time from the same husband. She had married a man named Goldsmid, a wine merchant, and after obtaining a divorce on the ground of cruelty and infidelity, had made up and married him again.—It didn't turn out any better than before, and the second divorce was granted on the same grounds as the first.

—The death of a New York man from pyæmia, or blood poisoning, occasioned, as the attending physician decides, by poisonous matter received from the outside of silver coin or nickles which he had tested by biting, is another illustration of the case with which poisonous virus is transmitted. One of the New York Health Board says similar instances of infection are alarmingly common.

—In the trial of Oliver Fisher and others at Hastings, Neb., for murdering and burning two men, Dion Brann, a young man employed by Oliver as a herder, turned State's evidence and detailed the proceedings of the murderers, but asserted that the burning was accidental. A rumor of an intended attempt to rescue Oliver on the part of cow-boys brought a company of soldiers to Hastings from Omaha.

—A special of Tuesday from Collinsville, Mo., says: "A terrible cyclone from the northwest struck this town yesterday afternoon, and taking a zigzag course tore through the place, demolishing ten buildings, ruining about thirty others, and damaging more or less some seventy-five residences and business houses. Only one person was killed, a little girl named Annie Reynolds, and one or two others badly injured."

—A farmer named James Keetor, residing near Deep Creek, Norfolk county, Va., while ploughing on Wednesday last in an old field that had not been under cultivation for several years, unearthed an iron chest containing several thousand dollars in American gold coin of dates as far back as 1830. The treasure is believed to have been buried during the last war. Mr. Keetor is a poor man and the treasure is very acceptable.

—Mr. N. B. Koontz, of Amboy, Ill., was a confirmed invalid whose case recently took so bad a turn that for three weeks he was unable to eat any food.—When the physicians despaired of him the brethren of the M. E. Church, who were holding a revival, took up his case and held prayer-meetings to plead for his recovery. The latest advices are that he is up and well, relishing three substantial meals a day and "likely to be elected Town Collector."

—James Collins and his wife the latter known as Martha Wren, were considered a strong attraction in the variety theatres a few years ago. Mrs. Collins was young, pretty and clever. The pair played in musical sketches, and received high pay. The wife has now been sent to a Philadelphia inebriate asylum, her drunkenness having kept her for a long time off the stage, and a delirious attempt to kill her children rendering police interference necessary.

—A somewhat remarkable event occurred in East Cambridge, Mass., a few days ago, when Rev. George W. Pepper (Methodist Episcopal), of Bellevue, O., lectured in the auditorium of the Catholic church on "Froude's Ireland from a Protestant Standpoint." Mr. Pepper was introduced by Father O'Brien, who expressed pleasure at being able to present a Protestant to a Catholic audience, saying that the union of the Irish, both Protestant and Catholic, can alone deliver Ireland from British tyranny.

—Surely Mrs. Amanda Bishop, who died in Norwich, Conn., a few days ago, had more than her fair proportion of sorrows. Her sister was burned to death; her husband, a Methodist minister, was fatally stricken with heart disease while preaching; her idolized grandson was killed by an accidental shot; all her property was taken from her by a trusted relative, leaving her penniless; and finally her son Wesley confessed complicity in the Cobb murder. Under this last blow her health and spirits broke down completely.

—On Wednesday a man named Siegler was publicly cowhided by his wife in Verona, N. J. The couple, who live in Orange, have frequently quarreled, and on Tuesday Mrs. Siegler threatened to thrash her husband when he came home. He kept away from the house, and his wife searched for him in his accustomed haunts. She did not find him on Tuesday evening, and resumed her search on Wednesday. Siegler went to West Orange, and then crossed the Orange mountain. His wife overtook him in Verona and began to shower stinging blows on him with a rawhide. She held him by the nape of the neck while she applied the lash. Siegler has returned home.

—The grave of Benj. Singerly, former proprietor of the Harrisburg *Daily State Journal*, and also State printer for a considerable time, who died quite suddenly about two years ago while on his way from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, and was interred in the latter city, was recently opened for the purpose of removing the remains to Philadelphia, where his parents and other relatives are buried, when, strange to relate, the body, which in life weighed from 350 to 400 pounds, the deceased being a very heavy man, was found not only perfectly petrified and of the color of yellow marble, but increased to the enormous weight of *nine hundred and eighty pounds*.

—John Dunn, the right-hand man of King Cetywayo, is, as his name indicates, an Irishman. According to the Cape *Argus* he has lived so long among the Zulus that he is more Kafir than Irish. He is the heaviest trader in the Zulu country, and has a large number of personal adherents, subject to no authority but his own. His lawful wife is not a Kaffir, but he has taken fifteen or sixteen native wives, and his family has grown to patriarchal dimensions. He is described as man of medium height, in the prime of life, thickset, and bronzed, with a pair of flashing gray eyes and a heavy beard. He dresses well, and would pass muster as a prosperous farmer.

—Of Seth P. Ames, a member of Oakes Ames' family, who went to Michigan thirteen years ago and settled on Flint river, a strange story is told.—Nothing prospered that he undertook, and, after these years of absence, he wanted to return to Massachusetts. He had no money to travel with, but being a blacksmith and a ship-carpenter, he determined to build a schooner to sail home in. And he finally succeeded, alone and unaided, in producing a boat of sixty-two tons burden. Even the nails and spikes he made from bits of old iron given him. But in launching his boat he injured himself fatally and died soon after. The boat is now advertised for sale at Saginaw.

—A terrible accident occurred at a Cleveland (O.) rolling mill on Thursday. William Raleigh, a water boy, was standing in front of one of the rolls through which a bar of red-hot iron was being run. When the iron is at the right temperature the bar is very pliable, but by becoming chilled it takes all sorts of fantastic forms, and ilies and twists about in every direction. The bar wrapped itself about the boy and encircled him in its folds, literally burning his body in twain. It was several minutes before he could be extricated. Meanwhile, the iron was searing his flesh, causing the most horrible cries of agony from the helpless sufferer. In a few moments after being released he died in terrible agony. His clothing was completely torn and burned from his body.

IN SIX ELEGANT NEW OFFICES.

39 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

DR. QUINCY A. SCOTT,

Surgeon Dentist, having removed to these fine and centrally located offices, is now prepared to serve his numerous patrons with more satisfaction, owing to his greatly increased facilities. [4-4-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that John O'Connell, of Cambria township, Cambria county, Pa., and Bridget, his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said John O'Connell to N. J. Feldhoff, of Ebensburg, Pa., in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John O'Connell. All persons, therefore, indebted to the said John O'Connell will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

N. J. FELDHOFF,

April 11, 1879.-6t. Assignee of John O'Connell.

Eminent Dr. H. R. Walton,

OF ANNAPOLIS, MD.,

Says: " * * Colden's **Liebg's Liquid Extract of Beef** is a most excellent preparation. It is **par excellence.** Superior to **cod liver oil** or anything I have ever used in wasted or impaired constitutions, and extremely beneficial as a preventive of **malarial diseases.**" FRENCH & RICHARDS, Druggists, Agents, Philadelphia.

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the **Fireside Visitor.** Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

THE WONDERFUL GROWTH

OF THE

GRAND DEPOT

WILL BE SEEN THE MOMENT VISITORS STEP INTO THE TWO ACRES OF DRY GOODS. ON ALL HANDS IT IS ADMITTED THAT THIS IS THE BEST SHOPPING PLACE IN THE UNITED STATES. WHAT MAKES MR. WANAMAKER'S STORE SO POPULAR IS

1st—That Everybody is Obliging.
2d—No One is Pressed to Buy.
3d—The Stock is so Fresh and New.
4th—The Stock is the Largest in the City.
5th—The Prices are Fixed and the Lowest.
6th—Exchanges are Made or Money Returned.

☞Save this List of Dress Goods—you will be amazed at the Largeness and Goodness of the Dress Goods Stock—and kindly come to the counters and Examine the Goods. Send Samples and speak to your friends of the wonderful variety and real cheapness of the new things for Spring.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

The Dress Goods at the Grand Depot.

For a very small outlay a pretty suit can be made for Spring from the following:

Fancy Striped Suitings	6½c.
Fancy Mixed Suitings	7c.
Twilled Striped Suitings	8c.
Beige Poplins	10c.
Wash Poplins	10c.
Florentine Checks	12½c.
Half-Wool Cashmeres	12½c.
Hair Line Plaids	12½c.
Black Bunting	12½c.
Striped Mohairs	15c.
Camel's Hair Stripes	15c.
Oxford Suitings	18c.
English Striped Suitings	18c.
Mohair Suitings	18c.
Gray Twilled Beige	20c.
Chena Suitings	20c.
Striped Beige	20c

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - APRIL 18, 1879.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

HERE, THERE AND THE OTHER PLACE.

—There are thirteen prisoners in our county jail.

—Four pictures for 50 cents at Sunbeam Gallery.

—Decoration day, Friday, May 30th, is the next holiday.

—Children's pictures a specialty at Sunbeam Gallery.

—The bar-room attached to the Mountain House is being enlarged and vastly improved.

—Poor House Director Patterson is yet confined to his bed in Johnstown by a dangerous illness.

—The roads may have been in worse condition than they are now, but it would be difficult to tell when.

—One Ramsey, a miner, committed suicide last week at Irwin station by shooting himself through the head.

—The Sheriff of Blair county and two of Altoona's policemen have been arrested on the charge of forcible entry.

—"I smile" Joe Gutwald has our thanks for a bountiful supply of steaks, roast and sausage. Much obliged—call again.

—Bring along pictures of deceased relatives and have them finely and faithfully copied and enlarged at Sunbeam Gallery.

—Coffee prodigiously is plentiful in this market that the price has this week experienced a decline from 55 to 50 cents per gallon.

—The usual Easter storm this time took the shape of rain in this latitude, instead of snow, and a freshet in the rivers was the result.

—Now that our neighbor of the *Herald* has become part owner of the Ebensburg woolen factory, how would it be to metamorphose it into a paper mill?

—Five boys have been bound over to answer at Court on the charge of maliciously interfering with the cars of the Cambria Iron Company in Johnstown.

—The second return of sale by assignees of property of Wm. M. Lloyd, in Blair county, was confirmed *nisi* in the U. S. District Court at Pittsburg on Monday.

—Huntingdon is per force a local option town. All the tavern licenses expired on the 20th, and applications for a renewal thereof will not be heard till the 5th of May.

—No business being ready for consideration, a special Court which was to have been held at Huntingdon last week was unceremoniously adjourned by Judge Dean.

—Harry H. Gardner, of Hollidaysburg, accompanied by his newly-wedded wife, has gone to Denver, Colorado, to accept a situation in one of the national banks of that city.

—Mr. William Gerhardt, alias George W. Dilnbar, of Johnstown, the accomplished gymnast, has gone to St. Louis to fill a summer's engagement with W. W. Cole's great show.

—A solitary trout fisherman has reported progress. He captured seventeen of the speckled beauties the other day, and the snow was a foot deep on the brink of the creek.

—We congratulate our warm hearted friend, Rev. John Walsh, of Altoona, on his recovery from a recent severe illness, and hope that he will soon be restored to perfect health.

—There was a thunder-storm on Tuesday, and the matins made their appearance Wednesday morning, coupled with the fact that rubber loafers are not scarce, must surely mean Spring.

—By the way, what has become of that Jackson township oil well? If it is panning out successfully, we would be glad to know it, provided the *Herald* hasn't got a monopoly of the information.

—Following the lead of Cambria county, the Commissioners of Indiana county have petitioned Court for a reduction of the amount paid the Sheriff for the maintenance of prisoners in the county jail.

—Mrs. Mary Dorborrow, mother-in-law of Mr. D. Gibson, P. R. R., ticket agent at Gallitzin, died at the residence of that gentleman last Monday. Her remains were taken to Altoona for interment.

—In the year 1862, Mr. John Brookbank, deceased, whose obituary notice appears elsewhere in this paper, shot within the limits of Cambria county 154 deer. They were shipped to Hollidaysburg and there sold.

—Bonifacius Wertner, son of Mr. Benjamin Wertner, of Carrolltown, was ordained a priest in Pittsburgh last week. He pursued his studies for the ministry at St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland county.

—The tinware establishment of Mr. Val. Lutringer was on Wednesday removed from its long time location on High street to the building formerly occupied by Mr. A. Blaine as a barber shop, three doors westward.

—Capt. D. K. Beamer, of Hollidaysburg, drove his long team, Dexter and mate, from that place to Altoona, a distance of seven miles, in one hour and twenty-two minutes on a hard road and with a heavy wagon.

—Mr. A. J. Hawes, of Johnstown, has received a valuable patent in the nature of a socket-sleeve for the protection of the stop-pewrod used in the ladies for running converted sheet into ingots in a rolling-mill.

—Mr. Zeffer, of Hollidaysburg, assaulted his sister-in-law, Mrs. Cresse, Tuesday last, and when the husband of that lady returned home in the evening he went gunning for Reffner and shot him in the thigh.

—As showing the great scarcity of houses now existing in Johnstown, the *Tribune* mentions the fact that for a time three families, numbering all the way twenty-one souls, found shelter in a house containing only two ordinary sized rooms!

—We are sorry to learn that it is in serious contemplation to shut and the Ebensburg Silver Cornet Band. A number of the members have removed from town, and the right sort of material to fill their places does not seem to be forthcoming.

—Mr. Sylvester McKenzie, of Portage, who keeps a store and sells goods cheap, killed a calf 13 months old, last Friday, which dressed 600 pounds of as good meat as was ever seen. "And that's the way I get money to pay the printer," writes Mr. McKenzie.

—Some five hundred pounds of bacon was stolen from the smoke-house of our old friend, Mr. John Manion, of Susquehanna township, a few nights ago. We commiserate him on his loss, but trust that he has ere this ferreted out the thieves and recovered his property.

—We congratulate Mr. Leonard the genius of one of the triplets lately born to the wife of Mr. Joseph Weiss, of New Germany, Croyle township. Since that date, both the others have died, and as a consequence the Weiss household is plunged in profoundest grief.

—Mr. Wm. O'Brien, the missing Burgess-elect of Millville borough, has been heard from in Albany, N. Y., whence he writes to his mother expressing regret for his waywardness and declaring that if he had it to do again he would not go off so unceremoniously.

—Hon. A. H. Coffroth, Congressman from this district, is appointed chairman of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions, and a member of the Committee on Enrolled Bills. Capt. John Downey, of Johnstown, has secured the clerkship of the first named committee.

—Messrs. Geis, Foster & Quinn, of Johnstown have something to say in our advertising department this week which ought to interest many of our readers, a larger store, a better stock and a more accommodating and liberal set of men to deal with don't exist anywhere.

—A female infant, neatly stowed away in a basket, was left at the door of the pastoral residence of St. John's church, Altoona, Monday evening. Police Officer Myers took charge of the waif after Father Walsh had, by permission, administered the sacrament of baptism.

—The Auditors for Ebensburg borough, Messrs. Harrison Davis and R. R. Davis, after a tedious wrestle this week, succeeded in framing the report of the municipality for the fiscal year which ended on the 7th inst. This report will be presented to Council at its next stated meeting.

—Father Crawford, of the Huntingdon *Monitor* was recently elected First Lieutenant of a military company and made the proud father of a bright-eyed baby of the feminine persuasion. Now we call embarking in the infantry with startling suddenness.

—The initial number of Mr. T. Scott Wilson's paper, the Carrolltown *Northern Cambria News*, saw the light last Saturday. It presents a neat, workmanlike appearance, and in our Scott finds if a big bonanza in a financial point of view, we trust he may be happy among his many well wishers.

—No connubial knot which links together throughout life Dr. Murphy and Miss Anna Scrivener, of Gallitzin, was tied by Rev. Father Ryan last Tuesday. According to the Altoona *Tribune*, a ball in honor of the event was to have been given at Capt. Linton's hotel, Summit, the same evening, but we are assured that no such festivities took place. The happy couple are hereby congratulated.

—The windmill for the pumping of water from the artesian well into the reservoir in this place, the purchase of which by our borough Council was noted in these columns a couple of weeks ago, reached its destination on Wednesday and will no doubt be erected as soon as the weather permits. When it gets down, or rather up, to its work, some of the perambulating windmis about town ought to be permitted to take a back seat.

—Mr. Benedict Oschger, the tailor who removed to this place from Carrolltown a few weeks ago, has fitted up a shop in Gurley's building on High street, and hopes to do "sew, sew," in the pursuit of his business. Mr. O. is said to be a first class workman, and we hope to see him liberally patronized.

—The examining committee of the Cambria county bar, Messrs. Barker, Shoemaker, Reade, Elder and Rose, met in Johnstown on Wednesday to test the qualifications of Chal L. Dick, James M. Walters and Samuel Scott for admission into the legal fraternity. Their report will be rendered at next session of Court.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Company is erecting a Swiss cottage and laying out a flower garden at Kittanning Point. When completed, this commingling of elegant art with bountiful nature will make the great Horseshoe Bend the most delightful spot for the tourist's eye to dwell on that can be found in America.

—Large numbers of wild ducks have been paying visits to the several dams below town during the present week, and a goodly number are being bagged by sportsmen. A few wild geese have been seen, but so far as heard from they have been seen only at a distance too great for even telescopic sights. They are *very* wild.

—A champion pie-eating match is to be indulged in at the Altoona Opera House tomorrow evening. A prize of $5 will be given the boy who inside a stated time puts himself outside the largest circumference of pie, and his body, should he fortunately chance to die, will be interred at the expense of the management.

—John Rorabaugh, Esq., of Croyle township, proposes to try his luck before the next Democratic county convention for the office of Poor House Director, and being an honest man, a respected citizen, and a consistent, hard-working Democrat, we are sure the honor could not fall upon a more worthy or more competent gentleman. Next!

—Annie Raddigan, a fifteen-year-old Altoona girl, was standing looking at a bonfire which some boys had built in the streets, when a shower of sparks settled on her clothing and ignited it. She ran, and of course was soon enveloped in flames, and before an overcoat could be wrapped around her was very badly though not fatally burned.

—Mrs. Margaret Shrum, of Johnstown, failed to live peaceably with her sister-in-law, Mrs. George Bohnam, under whose roof she found shelter, and was turned adrift. Being in indigent circumstances, she was brought here the latter part of last week and located in the Poor House. Her husband lives in Philadelphia, and is said to be in good financial circumstances.

—Mr. John B. Brookbank, somewhat noted as a hunter and fisherman, died suddenly at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Jonathan Jones, in Cambria township, on last Saturday morning. He was a brother of Mrs. Susan Rhey and Mrs. John Dougherty, and was aged about 75 years. His wife, who lives in Johnstown, and several grown-up children, survive him.

—A middle-aged tramp named Lake was struck by the Philadelphia Express near Lilly's station last Friday evening and knocked into a convenient ditch. His explanation of the accident was that he had stepped from one track to the other to avoid an approaching train, and had forgot to look behind to see whether the coast was clear. He was removed to Gallitzin, where his injuries received medical treatment.

—John Lingafelt, Esq., for the past ten years postmaster of Hollidaysburg, died last Friday night, aged 65 years. In both his public and private relations he was highly esteemed and his death has caused a void which will long be perceptible. His successor as postmaster has not been named, though there are quite a number of applicants for the position, among whom may be mentioned our former townsman, Col. Wm. K. Piper.

—The stock of groceries, etc., belonging to Mr. E. C. Parrish has been removed from their former location, adjoining Mrs. E. McDonald's residence, High street, to the building one door west of Huntley's hardware store. This is a temporary arrangement, to permit a new and stylish structure to be erected on the vacated site, which, when completed, will be tenanted by Mr. Parrish in his capacity of grocer and confectioner.

—The dwelling-house of ex-Congressman Prosser, of Nashville, Tennessee, with a portion of his valuable library, was destroyed by fire on the 5th inst. Those of our readers who a quarter of a century ago used to go to school to Mr. Prosser in the little frame public school building in the East ward, yet standing, will be sorry to hear of this great loss which befell him, and which is estimated at about $10,000, with no insurance.

—We learn from the San Francisco *Chronicle*, several copies of which have been kindly sent us by our friend John A. Kooken, of Petaluma, Cal., that the Rev. H. P. Gallagher, an old-time pastor of the Catholic church at Wilmore, this county, was made the recipient of an elegant gold-headed cane by the pupils of St. Joseph's Grammar School, in that city, on the occasion of the sixty-second anniversary of his birthday, which occurred on the 1st inst., the presentation speech being made by Prof. Williams, principal of the school. Father Gallagher was much affected by the thoughtfulness of his young flock, whom number seven hundred.

—Casper Crum, a resident of Shanty town, a suburb of Hollidaysburg, recently married Mrs. Eva Socy, a presumed widow whose first husband, it was subsequently ascertained, is still living. The result was that Mrs. Socy, being a Catholic, was obliged to the rules of that Church to part company with husband No. 2, and as the latter could not find one single Crum of comfort apart from the Socy-ety of the doubly-wedded fair one, he attempted to end his earthly career with the aid of a rope, but was rescued and caught in the act and saved from a tragic death. He is said, however, to be insane, and may repeat the experiment at any moment.

—The puddlers of the Altoona Iron Company, to the number of 48, are on a strike, or rather have been debarred from work by their employers, the result is said to have been accomplished through the instrumentality of a secret trades' union, and due notice is given to the members thereof by Dr. S. C. Baker, President of the Company, that hereafter when they want work they shall apply at some other mill. A similar plan was pursued at the Johnstown iron works five years ago and was found effectual to prevent a similar experiment. Meantime, the Altoona mill is lying idle, but will be blown in again so soon as other workmen can be engaged.

—The Lancaster *Intelligencer* says Congress used to be bored interminably by the presentation and reading of all sorts of petitions. Now they are relieved of the burden of the clerk's desk, and the Hon. John Smith or Jones steps up to the box and drops in his petition with the proper endorsement on it, and the name of the committee to which he wants it referred. The clerks take them out at the close of the day, and they appear in the record. This ballot was the invention or the result of a suggestion by one of those practical men who do get into Congress sometimes: the Hon. John Reilly, of Pennsylvania, the railroad man who was sent from the Altoona district a few years ago.

—The wooden mill in the East ward formerly managed by the McLaughlin Brothers, with all its fixtures, such as a steam engine, machinery, etc., and 56 acres of ground, was sold at public sale on Tuesday afternoon by Mr. Dwight Jones, assignee of Messrs. A. Y. and Geo. W. Jones. The purchasers were Messrs. F. H. Barker, Ed. James and Alvin Evans, and the price bid was $1,600. When it is borne in mind that this property was sold about three years ago with $6,000 as the money consideration, and that at least $8,000 worth of improvements has since been added to it, it will be rightly conjectured that the buyers have found a bargain in the purchase. What disposition is to be made of the mill—whether it shall be put into running order at once, or held over subject to lease by other parties—has not yet been determined.

—On Monday of this week, a bird which is a stranger to this latitude was shot by a son of Mr. Jonathan Jones on the farm of that gentleman in Cambria township. It was brought to town and placed in the store of Mr. George Huntley for inspection. Some persons pronounced it a veritable American eagle; others thought it might be a crane, while yet others said that if it wasn't a bittern they knew nothing of ornithology. Finally, the bird was authoritatively identified as a falcon, and Mr. Huntley was so much pleased at learning its name that he took immediate measures toward having it stuffed and preserved as a curiosity—a fact which leads us to remark that the gentleman named has several birds and beasts on exhibition at his store which have been put through the taxadermal process by Mr. Jesse S. Bolsinger, who seems to be quite an adept in the business.

—A short distance north of town in what is known as the "sulphur springs," and adjacent to that in an eastward direction, on the edge of a woods, is a log hut of rough construction. An officer of an enquiring turn of mind paid this hut a visit the other day, to discover what manner of business was transacted therein. He found a small room containing a fire-place, an iron pot or two, some impromptu benches, a package of salt and one of pepper, and the fragments of a bottle which once contained whiskey, while all around were scattered great quantities of *feathers*. In a word, this was the headquarters of the gang of chicken thieves who for some considerable time past have afflicted this community. It is a pity none of the frequenters of the hut were at home on the occasion of the visitation, but inasmuch as the names of a majority are known to the police, they are pretty apt to meet their just deserts in due course of time.

—We told our readers last week to read George Huntley's new advertisement, and promised this week to say something elaborate about the same. We take back the elaborate part of that promise, and now suggest in very plain words that if a hardware store in the interior of Pennsylvania can be found which contains a larger or more desirable stock of everything unusually or unusually found in an establishment of that character, we would like to know where it is located—that's all. He has stoves and cutlery mowing machines and builders' hardware, horse shoes and harvesting tools, while interspersed therewith are such other needful articles as glassware, queensware, wood and willow-ware, etc., etc., and all marked at a figure against which no objection can be filed. His store is on High street. Give him a call, and you will undoubtedly see something you ought to buy.

—Our brilliant and much esteemed Democratic friend, Judge Pershing, of Pottsville, and our no less respected friends of the Republican household, Dr. E. H. Plank, of Christiana, Lancaster county, and Mr. Wm. Seward Jones, of Zanesville, Ohio, take occasion in reminding the amount of their respective subscriptions to compliment the FREEMAN very highly on its improved appearance and not only wish it a full measure of success but extend to it such substantial tokens of appreciation as cannot fail, so far as theyeare concerned, in securing for it a long and we hope useful erreer. The Judge also does us the honor of endorsing our views on the Wallace-Randall imbroglio, while the Doctor indulges the hope that the FREEMAN will in the "sweet by and by" prone the same source of pleasure to the Jr. Doctor, on whose advent we tender our congratulations to the fond and worthy parents, as it is at present to himself and his (we beg leave to add excellent) wife. So mote it be.

—On Monday of this week, a colored youth named Joe Roberts was arrested by officer Wherley on a charge of carrying concealed weapons preferred by Mr. Thomas Nipple. In a hearing had before Esquire Kinkead, it was established that bad blood had existed between the two for some time previous, growing out of circumstances not necessary to enumerate, and that a climax was reached on the day named. No blows were passed, but in the midst of a wordy altercation Joe whipped out a pistol and purposed to blow out the brains of Nipple. When first questioned by the 'Squire, Joe positively denied having had a pistol in his possession; but when this fact was proven against him, he declared that it wasn't loaded, and even if it had been, the lock was in such condition that it could not be discharged. He only wanted to scare Nipple. The case was thought to be hardly of the magnitude which would justify the binding over of the defendant to answer at Court, and so he was discharged, with warning given that if he came up again for a similar infraction of the laws he would be severely dealt with. The costs were paid by Joe's aunt, a genteel lady of color.

—Hawkey, Reilly and Kurtzare the names of three individuals who were brought here from Johnstown last week and lodged in jail. The two former are charged with aggravated assault and battery on the person of Mr. H. P. Friedhoff, watchman for the Gautier Steel Company, and the latter is thought to have raised a rumpus in the family circle with his fists. The three were put in a cell together, and their united strength seems to have been such that some time last Monday night they succeeded in forcing their way through the wall into the corridor. The hole cut through the solid wall is large enough to afford egress to the largest man, and was made with a bit of hard wood. When they reached the corridor, they found yet a couple more walls to dig through before they could achieve their liberty, and their uncompleted task was broken in on by the early morning visit of Turnkey McNamara. That gentleman found the three worthies in bed, seemingly fast asleep, and apparently ignorant of how the cell could have been damaged in such a manner unless it was struck by lightning during the night. They were assigned to separate cells, and no more trouble from them is apprehended. Hawkey is an old offender. At March term two years ago, he was sent by Judge Dean to the Western Penitentiary for two years for a burglary committed in Johnstown, and had emerged from that institution only a couple of weeks before his arrest on the present charge. Reilly comes from New Jersey, and did not the statute of limitation intervene to cut off an indictment, he would go back to that State after we are through with him here to answer a most serious charge. Kurtz is young and a little wild, and all three units in attempting to run before justice in life in a too free indulgence in that stimulus which steals away a man's brains.

* * *

A HORRIBLE DEATH.—*Roasted Alive Under a Mass of Hot Cinder.*—A young man named Godfrid Heider, who lived with his mother and step-father, Mr. Christian Bloch, in the brick house on Prospect Hill which stands directly above the Johnstown freight depot, met with a horrible accident in the Converting Department of the Cambria Steel Works about half-past 3 o'clock on Tuesday morning last, and lingered in great agony until 6 o'clock, when his misery was ended by death. The details of the sad affair, as related to the *Tribune* by an eye-witness, are nearly as follows:

Mr. Heider was employed on the converter platform in the Steel Works, having charge of the metal troughs which lead from the cupola to the converters; and while passing from one vessel to another, over a plank which was stretched across the pit underneath the track, laid there for the convenience of workmen in repairing the converters, a mass of white hot "skull" metal about twenty feet long, from three to four inches thick, and weighing nearly two tons, having become detached from the brick work by cooling, came crashing down upon him from the mouth of the stack, breaking the plank on which he was walking, and pitching him face downward to the bottom of the pit, the mass separated into two pieces, one of which, weighing about a ton, fell on him, completely covering him from the head to his feet. While a number of his fellow-employes were collecting about him with crow-bars, etc., preparatory to making an effort to release him from his painful situation, those who stooped down and looked under the mass of metal could see that he was enveloped in a bright flame, and witness his agonizing efforts to escape, while every movement of his legs, arms, or body only increased the horrible torture. In a moment or two, which must have seemed an age to the imprisoned man who was slowly burning to death in the eyes of his friends, they got their bars underneath the "skull" and pried it up about a foot and he was dragged forth—a mass of hissing, seething flesh. Every vestige of clothing was burned off his body, with the exception of his heavy shoes; the hair of his head was scorched off; his body, from his head to his feet, was one huge raw blister, and his left thigh had been broken by the fall, the bone protruding several inches. It was a horrible sight, from which strong men turned away with a shudder.

The poor fellow did not lose consciousness, and his first cry was for "water, water!" He was given a drink, and his children were allowed on the vessel as if he could drink forever. A pile of old clothes was procured, on which he was placed and covered with a blanket. He talked rationally, and asked: "Oh! what hurt me? How did it happen?" and then he cried, "Oh, I know I'll die! Take me home before I die!" Dr. W. K. Lowman was sent for soon after the accident happened, and he hastened down, but he saw at once that the sufferer was past human aid. He was then placed on a stretcher, covered over with blankets, carefully wound to his home. He spoke for the last time when the house was reached, saying, "Take me in quick, or I'll die." He lingered in great agony until 6 o'clock, when his heart ceased to beat and his sufferings were ended. He remained sensible to the last.

* * *

MCDONALD, of Loretto, has just received, not forty wagon loads, but enough goods of every description to supply all his neighbors whatever they need at lower prices than ever. Following is a partial list of the big bargains he offers:

FOR HOUSEHOLD AND PERSONAL USE.

Muslins of all kind, at 4 cts. per yard and up.
Ginghams of all kind, at 8c. " " "
Machine Thread, best quality, 5c. per spool.

FOR LADIES' WEAR.

Dress Goods, all styles, at 8c. per yd. and up.
Corsets, all sizes, at 25 cts. per pair and up.
Collarettes, at 1 cent each and up.
Hose, a fine assortment, at 5 cts. per pair up.
Gaiters, laced and buttoned, 75c. " " "
Shoes, at $1 per pair and up.

FOR MEN AND YOUTHS.

Gent's Clothing, full suits, at $3.00 and up.
Boys' " " " " 2.75 " "
Gent's Wool Hats, at 50 cts. and up.
Gent's Fine Boots, at $2.50 per pair and up.
Gent's Half Hose, at 5 cts. " " "
Gent's Paper Collars, at 10c. per box and up.
Kentucky Jeans, at 12½c. per yard and up.

FOR "BABY MINE."

Infant's Shoes, at 20 cents per pair and up.

And a great variety of other goods at prices proportionately cheap. Go and see.

* * *

—There is a railroad station named Mineral Point in Cambria county, and there is also a railroad station of the same name in Somerset county. The latter now proposes to be hereafter known as Rockwood. Had this change been accomplished a couple of years ago, a human life might thereby have been saved. A man whose destination was the Somerset county Mineral Point alighted through mistake at the other place of the same name and was struck by the cars and instantly killed.

* * *

—Again we have to ask the indulgence of our poetical friends "Argie" and "A. D. H.," whose favors are none the less appreciated because our vanity, if you will, has prompted us to give them another back-set in order to make room for the many kind commendations bestowed on the FREEMAN and its new toggery. Come fair or foul weather, the contributions referred to will certainly appear next week.

KIND WORDS.—We present herewith a few complimentary notices tendered us by our exchanges in recognition of the new dress lately donned by the FREEMAN, reserving others for want of space until next week. We are modest, if that's the right name for it, and therefore do not insist on our readers believing all that is said on the subject, but the recollection of the generous words uttered will linger in our memory long after many a more important subject should have been forgotten. To wit:

[*Huntingdon Journal.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* has been dressed in a new suit, and now looks as neat and trim as it is possible to make a paper look.

[*Huntingdon Local News.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* is handsome in its new suit. Worked upon a back action press we hope there will be no "back" action upon the part of its subscribers.

[*Ebensburg Herald.*]

THE *Freeman* appeared last week partially dressed in new type. The improvement is very decided, and we trust the editor will be properly rewarded for his outlay.

[*Hollidaysburg Register.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* comes to us in a new dress—printed on new type, and is now, as always hereto, fore, under our poetical friend, McPike, one of the best papers in the State.

[*Huntingdon Globe.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* came to hand last week dressed in a new spring suit. The *Freeman* is one of our most valued exchanges and we are glad to note this evidence of McPike's prosperity.

[*Tyrone Herald.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* came out last week with a portion of that promised new suit on. Its readers ought to appreciate the enterprise of the *Freeman's* editor, and double the business of the office for him.

[*Tyrone Democrat.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* made its appearance in a new dress and looks neat and handsome. The Democracy of Cambria never an able advocate in the *Freeman* and they should come up warmly and earnestly to his support.

[*Cleveland Catholic Universe.*]

OUR friend, Mr. H. A. McPike, of the Cambria *Freeman*, has added another improvement to his admirably conducted journal—a new dress of type. The *Freeman* possesses sound judgment and commendable newspaper enterprise.

[*Altoona Daily Call.*]

* * * * WELL, Mac, it is like pretty much everything else that you do in the printing business—the best that can be done. The paper is greatly improved and makes a handsome appearance. We rejoice with you in these signs of business prosperity.

[*Emlenton Register.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* made its welcome appearance in our sanctum last week clothed in an almost entire new dress of type, and as brimful as ever with spicy locals and reading matter. Mac. can now boast of having one of the best country papers in the State.

[*McVeytown Journal.*]

THE *Cambria Freeman* is now one of our neatest and spletest exchanges, and a journal that the people of Cambria county may well be proud of. Brother McPike has recently bought a new press, and has enlarged and greatly improved his paper and deserves abundant success.

[*Altoona Sun.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* appeared this week in a new dress, and presents a neat and tidy appearance all through. It is a well-edited paper, and McPike deserves the success he has attained. We would wish him to make his fortune soon, only for the fear that he might put on airs and leave the fraternity, which we should deplore.

[*Altoona Radical.*]

THE Ebensburg *Freeman* came to us last week in a fresh new dress of type, and looks as neat as it has always been one of our best exchanges. We congratulate McPike on his taste typographically, and if his patrons do not assist him at once to pay off any indebtedness he may have incurred, they are dot the kind of men we think they are.

[*Hollidaysburg Standard.*]

THE Cambria *Freeman* once more to the front.—Resplendent in a new dress, but now it is a new dress. An outfit of new type worked on a new press has so transformed the *Freeman* of former days that its editor's argument against "patent inside" is constrained to rub his glasses while he is led to explain will wonders never cease! But the *Freeman* now stands fairly abreast with the ablest of its contemporaries, and in point of neatness it has no longer hide its face on account of its shabby exterior, as it is so, and to none. It don't require the con of a prophet to foretell its future, as its success can't be stayed and no one deserves it more than McPike. We too join our congratulations.

[*Brother Bowman, Everett Press.*]

EDITOR MCPIKE, of the *Cambria Freeman*, of Ebensburg, seems determined not to do things by half. He rarely does. A short time ago we noticed that he had issued a new press and enlarged his paper. This week the *Free man* comes to us in an entire new dress of clear-faced type, looking as bright and clean as a new paper. McPike, besides being a good printer, is one of the best country editors in the State, and now, in addition to printing the best editorial local paper on our exchange list, puts out one among the neatest in the State. In our congratulations, and trust that his enterprise may be appreciated by his patrons and rewarded by a distribution of his subscription list. The unfortified democratic army of Cambria county, owe him this, at least, and should accord him nothing less.

* * *

FULL soon on the flowerful meadow,
The lambkin will gambol and play;
Full soon in the aisles of the orchard,
The blossoms will fall in a spray.
Full soon in the sparkling fountain,
The girl will wax angry and faint;
Full soon we shall see on a placard,
Look out for the paint!

We shall see all these things full soon. But just now we would rather see crowds of customers besieging the store of John Lloyd & Co., High street, Ebensburg; we would rather see them hold hurried consultation with the accommodating gentleman behind the counter, and then go away full freighted with bundles and sich like. The meaning of all this is that Lloyd & Co. are the men to deal with, and that the public will make no mistake in that direction if they go where they can get the most goods for their money.

* * *

—If the gentleman who writes us so sarcastically about the authorities of a certain borough in this county will turn his attention to the killing of the vicious dog of which he complains, or the prosecution of the owner of said animal, if there are really grounds for such a prosecution, he will accomplished more to the purpose in less time than by having us publish what Artemus Ward would call the severest of "sarkasm"—"without giving my (his) name."

TO THE PEOPLE OF EBENSBURG AND VICINITY.—I am now prepared to do all photographic work at prices to suit the times, in the building formerly occupied by T. T. Spence. Satisfaction guaranteed, or no charge. Give me a call.

A. M. HAMMERS,
Proprietor of Sunbeam Gallery.

* * *

—Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco. [1-8-1y.]

VV VV OOOOOOO XX XX PPPPPPPPPPP OOOOOOO PPPPPPPPPPP UU UU LL III

THE VOICE OF THE

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MAKES KNOWN THE ROAD TO THESE

GGGGG EEEEEEEE NN NU UU II NN N EEEEEEEE BBBBBB A RRRRRR GGGGG A II NN N SSSSSSSS

REVOLUTIONS AND PANICS OCCUR ONLY ONCE EVERY TWENTY OR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AND YOU MAY NEVER LIVE TO SEE ANOTHER. At least you will probably never see another of such magnitude and power as the present one, which has brought dry goods down to half their value, and has made merchant princes to topple, money kings to go under, and some of the strongest mercantile houses in the country to throw

MILLIONS OF DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOODS ON THE MARKET TO BE SOLD AT ANY PRICE FOR CASH,

IN ORDER TO SAVE THEMSELVES FROM RUIN.

The people are joyful. They are reminded of the days when gold and silver jingled in their pockets, and when the hard-earned dollar was not swallowed up by extortion and exorbitant prices. To the merchants our dealings are shrouded deeper and deeper in mystery every day. Standard good wide muslin (unbleached) at 5½c and good dark prints 4c. The cotton in these prints is worth more to grow it. And those dark ginghams at 5½c. were never made to be sold for that money.

MANY THINGS ARE FAR BELOW THE MANUFACTURER'S PRICES.

The story is this: The merchants buy their goods in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, the Pittsburgh and Philadelphia merchants buy of the New York jobbers, the jobbers buy of the wholesale merchant and he again buys of the importer or agent. These gents all live in marble fronts, drives fast horses and spend fortunes every week. Have the people ever thought who supports all these extravagances? Each and their profits as well as the enormous expense of drawings, banking, etc., and so on forces a dollar's worth of goods which come through their hands gives a portion to support these nabobs in luxury and ease. add their profits as well as the enormous expense of drawings, banking, etc., and so on forces a dollar's worth of goods which come through their hands gives a portion to support these nabobs in luxury and ease. Our goods are not bought for one store, but for branches in some of the principal towns in the country, and of course they are

BOUGHT CHEAPER IN SUCH LARGE QUANTITIES

than by the package or bale. We trust no man—we believe in the nimble sixpence and the almighty dollar, and do not add a dishonest neighbor's bill to the account of the man who pays cash. We are here to give you all we can for the money and do not allow corruption to get in our bones, the cock-roaches in our brains, or the dust on our goods. Work all day, and sometimes all night, and guarantee to sell you

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THAN ANY OTHER DEALER IN ALTOONA OR BLAIR COUNTY.

THESE ARE A FEW PLAIN FACTS!

and the self-evident reason why people have so long been swindled by high prices. We are determined to override all opposition, and soon shall sit on the top rail of glory, smoking the corn-cob pipe of peace, while we watch the dying embers of old logyism and high prices vanish away in the dim distance.

We have just opened a new feature in our house, called a

FIVE CENT COUNTER!

the greatest success of the season. Hundreds of people crowd our store daily, carrying away armsful and basketsful of small but useful articles for 5 cents each—articles that generally sell for 20 and 25c. Below we give a few of the many items on this counter for 5 cents:

BARGAINS ON THE FIVE CENT COUNTER.

Tea and Coffee Pots. Whisk Brooms. Brass Knobs. Graters. Hatchets. Tack Hammers. Shoe Lasters. Coal Hangers. Can Openers. Plates. Shoe Blacking. Stove Polish.

Silver Spoons. Knives and Forks. Lather Brushes. Frying Pans. Flesh Forks. Cake Turners. Dippers. Dust Pans. Pie Pans. Pudding Pans. Jelly Pans. Tin Cups.

Fluted Plates. Plain Plates. Wash Basins. Bread Tasters. Match Safes. Gravy Strainers. Darners. Jack Hammers. Boot Jacks. Back Combs. Jelly Moulds. Tea Strainers.

Wooden Pails. Children's Hoe. Men's Socks. Lace Handkerchiefs. Linen Napkins. Towels. Wash Rags. Machine Oilers. Button Hooks. Crimpers. Bells. Whips.

and a thousand and one other articles we have neither time nor space to specify. Learn wisdom, then, from these glorious promises, and with your dollars and dimes follow the crowd to the renowned Store of

BALTZELLL & ROUSS,

1226 ELEVENTH AVENUE, REAR OF LOGAN HOUSE, ALTOONA, PA.

And now the gay and festive frog
Within the marsh is seen;
The loafer seeks a sunny spot
Upon the village green;
The trade in patent liver pills
Becomes a steady thing—
The rhyme with a pensive air
Indites an ode to Spring.

And persons who need new Spring clothing—and who does not?—naturally inquire whether M. Wolf, 1111 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, has replenished his Spring stock. We say they naturally make this inquiry, for Mr. Wolf is famed in all these parts as the fairest of all fair clothing merchants. In reply, we would say that the Spring stock is already opened out and displayed on his shelves and counters, and it constitutes by far the goodliest array of men's and boys' raiment ever seen in Altoona. Then it is so wonderfully cheap! If you fail to call at No. 1111, first door east of Bowman & Morrow's corner, at an early day, you will miss the biggest and best bargains of the season.

* * *

THE elephant gambols over the green—
The funniest sight that ever was seen;
The chippy-bird bellows with joyful voice:
To see the buds on the gooseberry tree;
The old mule, too, chirps his glad, mellow song,
Denoting that warm weather will soon be along;
So let one and all now join in the lays,
And chuck up their hats for the bright Spring days.

Afterward, to be in the fashion, go to Godfrey Wolff's, next door to the post-office, Altoona, and buy yourself a suit of ready-made clothing fit for Spring wear. Mr. Wolff has just received a very large lot of Spring overcoats, dress and sack coats, vests, pantalloons, etc.—the finest lot, indeed, ever exhibited on his counters—and would like to dispose of the entire lot to his friends and the rest of mankind. He guarantees the very lowest prices, and warrants each piece of goods to be precisely as represented. Try there—buy there.

* * *

AND the member never flitting, still is sitting,
still is sitting:
Passing laws the like of which we never saw before;
And the eyes have all the seeming of a fellow who is scheming
Things of which his folks are never dreaming in their rustic lore.

The foregoing pome goes to the Pennsylvania Legislature. If that body would only adjourn *sine die*, and then go *en masse* to S. Blumenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona, and purchase a pair of boots for Burgesses and a pair of shoes or slippers for their wives and each of their children, they would do about the best thing that could possibly be done under any circumstances. Mr. Blumenthal's Spring stock is very large, and embraces all the latest and prettiest styles. As to prices, they are lower than those prevailing in the retail stores of the Eastern cities. This is a *fact*.

ALEXANDER TAIT, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
☞ Office and residence adjoining Post-Office, St. Augustine, Cambria county, Pa. [4-4-tf.88*.]

PLANING MILL.—Having attached to our LUMBER MILL near Ashland Furnace a complete **Planing Mill**, we are prepared to work FLOORING, SIDING and MOULDING of every description, and also do turning of all kind, such as BALUSTERS and HOR LANDLES, &c. FLOORING and SIDING always on hand at the Mill and for sale at the lowest cash prices.
D. & C. MOORE,
April 18, 1879-3m.* P. O. address: ALTOONA, PA.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county, to hear and decide upon the exceptions filed to the first and final account of JAMES C. MURRAY, Administrator of the estate of MARY MURRAY, deceased, and report distribution of the fund in the hands of the accountant to and among those leg

SOMETHING ABOUT TURKEYS.

At this season, and especially when there are a few warm days with a genial sun, turkeys are restless, noisy, and wandering from place to place, manifesting a strong disposition to use the wing and break through enclosures. Turkeys are impatient of restraint and love freedom. The turkey carries a good deal of wild blood in her veins that has never been tamed, neither can it be bred out. This uneasy state will continue to a greater or less degree until the hens have fairly settled down to laying, when they will become the quietest of all domestic fowls. They are mischievous birds about the garden and flower beds, and their mischief is conducted in so sly a manner that they often go unsuspected. The male seldom commits depredations in the spring. His principal business is to spread his gay banner on the sunny lawn, and strut in his gorgeous full dress, subject to all the whims and caprices of the females, to follow wherever they lead. There are some varieties that manifested less of this roaming dispostion, and were more quiet and domestic in their habits. One of these is the Narragansett. They are tame compared to the majestic Bronze, that no damper can check, or no enclosure or confinement can tame.

Apart from this wildness, there is no doubt but the turkey is the most profitable bird the farmer can raise it only the thing can be done. To do this successfully requires a knowledge of their habits and disposition, and to become thoroughly acquainted with these, the attendant needs to be constant, strict and studious until the flocks are thoroughly trained, and of an age to be trusted with their natural freedom. Not that they should be constrained, for this will not answer but their movements should have a careful eye over them, and their course watched, that when necessary, the broods may be readily found. Turkeys that are trained are generally very regular in their habits, and can be depended on. Counting the expenditure of feed, the turkey is the easiest and cheapest raised of any of our domestic fowls, not excepting the goose, which lives on next to nothing. When we come to reckon the extra care and trouble that begins with the first advent of the broods until the birds are brought to the block, the profits depreciate in value. Frequently turkeys are hatched and reared by the common hen, and they are more quiet and home like in their habits, but are never so large or valuable as the birds that hunt their living and gather the sweet succulent grasses and insects that dwell in the medow lands. This staying at home gives them a stunt from which they seldom recover. Daily exercise strengthens and spreads the limbs, and gives a broader expanse of body, which is not gained by mere food alone.

For all their roving propensities, the turkey is a bird that seeks considerable ease and rest. Their first move is to get out of sight and hearing of home; then at midday, or rather as soon as the sun comes out hot and scorching on a summer day, they draw up under the deep shade, and rest until toward nightfall, while the home broods with the domestic hen have been on the move from the first rise of day, and continue ever on the alert until sunset. Turkeys require warm, dry weather. Broods to be wholly successful should never be out of the shell before the 1st of June, when they will be ready to meet the great harvest of insects that are afloat at this season. It will not answer to put a boy at the business of attending the flocks, unless he be an apt one and has a fondness for the occupation, or a strong interest therein. As a general thing people raise turkeys at a loss, simply because they are determined to raise them in their own way. Their wills are the strongest, and the birds suffer in the flesh, while the owners depreciate in pocket. The turkey's way is the best, only we must teach, govern and control the natural habit in a quiet manner, and still not cross the desires of the mother to so great an extent as to cause a restraint which she will not endure.—*C. B. in Country Gentleman.*

RAISING SQUASHES.—Mr. J. T. Chandler, of Everett, states that he has adopted the following method of raising squashes, and assures us that since practicing it he has never in a single instance failed of a good crop. He first digs a small hole for each hill, into which he puts a liberal quantity of manure and covers it to the depth of an inch or two with soil. The whole is then covered with coal ashes with which the hole is filled, and the soil on the manure covered. The seed is planted, or plants set, in the ashes directly over the manure. At each hoeing a fresh supply of ashes is scattered around the plants, which are thus kept entirely free from grubs, while in his experience every hill planted without ashes will be destroyed.—*Am. Cultivator.*

GRATE finely as much well cooked ham as you are likely to require, flavor it with a very little cayenne and some nutmeg. Roll out some good puff paste very thinly, cut it into two perfectly even portions, prick in one or two places to prevent it rising too high, and bake in a quick oven till of golden brown. Then take out and let it stand till cool, then spread a little fresh butter lightly over the whole. This should not be done till the paste is perfectly cool. Now spread the grated ham evenly over the paste, lay the second piece of puff paste over it, and with a very sharp knife cut into small-sized sandwiches. This is a charming supper dish.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS.—By the following process eggs may be kept fresh for many months: On removing the eggs from the nest, they are coated with butter in which two or three per cent. of salicy lic acid has been dissolved, and then they are placed, individually, in a box filled with extremely fine and absolutely dry sawdust. Care must be taken that the eggs do not touch each other, and that they are completely enveloped in sawdust; and should these precautions be strictly observed they will keep fresh for several months, possibly for more than a year.

A GALLON OF INK may be made as follows: Twelve ounces powdered nutgalls, eight ounces powdered indigo, eight ounces coppers, two or three ounces cloves, and four ounces of gum arabic

Notice!

In the face of everything, Wanamaker & Brown increased their great Clothing business last year at Oak Hall nearly a quarter of a million dollars, and for 1879 the new plans will make the house more popular and increase the business much more. Eighteen years in the people's service at the old corner of Sixth and Market has taught us how to do the business well.

Notice!

Whatever may be said, no house in the United States sells anything like so much Clothing at Retail as Oak Hall, and no house in Philadelphia sells more than a quarter as many goods as Mr. Wanamaker sells *in Clothing alone.* Doing this large business shows the people's regard for our goods, and enables us to buy cheaply and sell at small profits.

Notice!

New patterns have been made this year and new styles introduced through Mr. Robert C. Ogden (formerly partner of the famous firm of Devlin & Co., New York), who is now associated with Oak Hall, and will give his whole energies and valuable experience to improving the manufacture of our Boys' and Men's Clothing. We do not buy Clothing like the dealers, but make it expressly for our own sales. The Spring stock is splendid, and no other make of goods, so far, have as much merit, or are sold as cheaply.

Notice!

Impressions have been erroneously given to the effect that Mr. John Wanamaker, who founded Oak Hall, is not interested in the old store, and that it does not have his attention; on the contrary, his ownership of it remains unchanged, and he has lost none of his love for it. Every day finds him supervising all its departments. Mr. William H. Wanamaker spends his entire time on the Oak Hall business.

A VISIT THIS SPRING PARTICULARLY INVITED.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, 6th & Market Sts., Philad'a.

THE LARGEST CLOTHING HOUSE IN AMERICA.

HERE I AM AGAIN!

—NOT AS AN ASPIRANT FOR—

PUBLIC OFFICE

—BUT AS A CANDIDATE FOR—

PUBLIC PATRONAGE!

Having pulled down his political vest and embarked in the mercantile business on an extensive scale at his

LARGE STORE ROOM ON HIGH STREET,

Recently occupied by McLaughlin Brothers,

Where he has just opened and is now offering for sale an immense, varied and elegant STOCK OF GOODS of every description,

N. J. FREIDHOFF

Is fully prepared to pull down—in fact has pulled down—the prices of all kind of merchandise, and is giving bargains in

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, NOTIONS, HATS, CAPS,

Boots, Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Tinware,

QUEENSWARE, &c., &c., which cannot fail to attract the attention and secure the patronage of cash buyers who want to get the most goods and the best goods for their money. So don't forget to call, and this fact before you keep: A broom that's new is best of all, because it makes the cleanest sweep.

N. J. FREIDHOFF.

EBENSBURG, MARCH 21, 1879.-tf.

SIMON'S CHEAP AND

POPULAR CLOTHING DEPOT

—HAS BEEN REMOVED TO—

DR. CHRISTY'S BUILDING,

Corner Eleventh Avenue and 13th Streets Altoona, Pa.,

WHERE HAS JUST BEEN OPENED A LARGE STOCK OF

CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS,

HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, UMBRELLAS, &c., &c.,

—OF THE—

LATEST, BEST AND NEATEST SPRING STYLES

And at PRICES SO LOW that it will pay you to buy from

CHAS. SIMON, 1230 Eleventh Avenue, in Room recently occupied by C. Simon & Co

REAR OF P. R. R. PASSENGER DEPOT, ALTOONA, PA.

WE HAVE REMOVED

To No. 1307 Eleventh Avenue, ALTOONA, PA.

(Building occupied by us two years ago, opposite Ebert's Music Store.)

Look Out for NEW STOCK

AND BIG BARGAINS IN

DRY GOODS AND DRESS GOODS,

MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

FOR THE SPRING TRADE, THE BEST IN THE CITY.

☞ We hope to welcome all our old friends as in the past, and all new ones who wish to give us their patronage, as we can assure them that the styles will be the latest and prices the lowest.

C. SIMON & CO.,

S. B. CORN, Manager, ALTOONA, PA

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

TO BE FOUND IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

☞ Don't Forget the Street and Numbers.

Thomas Byrne,

—WITH—

M. BYRNE,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Pure Rye and Bourbon

WHISKIES

Wines, Brandies, Gins, &c.,

[11-28.] PITTSBURGH, PA. [3m.]

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law,* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. [3-27,-72.]

PARKE'S MARBLE WORKS,

139 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMBSTONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and character of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try me.

April 24, 1873.-tf. JOHN PARKE.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg. Office on High street, east end of residence. [6 24,'78.-tf.]

WONDERS OF THE ATMOSPHERE.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward heaven, of which it is the best synonyin and symbol. So massive is it that when it begins to stir it tosses the great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snowflakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have to live for years in it before we can be persuaded that it exists at all; and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of airs.

Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap ball swims through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it aside with its wings. It ministers lavishly to our senses. We touch it not, yet it touches us. Its warm south winds bring back color to the face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow and make the blood mantle to our cheeks; even its north blast braces into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged climate.

The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the morning, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rain bow would want its "triumphant arc," and the winds would not send the fleecy messengers on errands around the heavens; the cold ether would not shed snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of rain gather on the flowers. The kindly dew would never fall, nor hail storm nor snow diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned and unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things.

Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would set in a moment, and without warning plunge the earth into darkness. But the air keeps in hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip slowly through her fingers, so that the shadow of evening is gathered by degrees, and the flowers have their time to bow their heads, and each creature space to to find a place of rest and to nestle to repose. In the morning the garish sun would at one bound burst from the bosom of the night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his coming, and sends first one little ray to announce his approach, and then another, and then a handful, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and like man, she goes forth again to labor till evening.—*Meteorologist.*

THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT.

The Great Pyramid was orignally 480 feet high, and each side of its base measured 764 feet, dimensions slightly reduced by its use as a quarry in later times. The successive Moslem capitals of Egypt, of which Cairo is the latest, have been built of the monuments of Memphis. The city and its temples have disappeared, and left scarcely a trace, yet the larger Pyramids have lost but a small proportion of their materials, and where there are marks of ruin, it is rather due to the efforts of explorers than to the actual removal of the stones from the site. Seen from afar, on what Horace well calls their royal site, the vastness of the Pyramids strikes us; as we approach them, and begin to distinguish the coarses of stone, this impression wanes, to return with an oppressive force as we stand beneath them. All other works of men are dwarfed by them, but it must be remembered that no other works of man occupied a whole nation, as it is all but certain the greater Pyramids did, for one or even two generations each. No public works, save the Pyramids, are known of the Memphite kingdom. When true public work began, Pyramids become far less costly, like that of the wise King who excavated the Lake Moeris.

The object of each Pyramid was to entomb a single mummied king; sometimes two sepulchral chambers may point to a double burial; in one case an early monument, the third Pyramid, seems to have been enlarged by a later sovereign; but in general each monument seems to have been designed for a single entombment. The purpose of so vast a labor is no longer a mystery, if we may assume that the Egyptians held the preservation of the body to be essential to immortality. It is certain that all Egyptian tombs were constructed under the influence of a belief in the immortality of the soul. The final aim of the Pyramid builders was that each head of the religion and State should rest securely in these vast monuments, whose form is a type of immortality, resting on the solid rock, themselves solid and indestructible, yet pointing heavenward. It is a weakness of practical nature to laugh with Pliny at the Pyramids, as mere monuments of human vanity.

SINGULAR MESSAGES.—A curiouslist might be made of the strange methods employed in transmitting many important historical messages. The intelligence which enabled Cyrus to overthrow the Median monarch was conveyed in the body of a hare sent him as a present. The instigator of the Ionian revolt against Persia sent his agent, a trusty slave, with verbal orders to shave his head, when the necessary instructions appeared traced on the skin beneath. During Mohammed's wars letters of this kind were frequently plaited in the long hair of the female slaves. The mediæval fashion of writing in ink, which only becomes visible when held to the fire is well known, but Cardinal Richelieu surpassed even this by the device of a dispatch whose alternate lines made an entire different sense from that of the letter as a whole.

One of the French chiefs of the Fronde war concealed an important letter in a roasted crab. Warren Hastings, when blockaded in Benares by Cheyte Sing, apprised the English army of his situation by dispatches written upon rolled up slips of parchment, which his messengers carried in their ears instead of quills usually worn there. The letters which recalled General Kaufman to the relief of Samarcand, when besieged by the Bogharlotes in June, 1868, was stitched up in the sandal of a loyal native. It is even stated—though the story certainly flavors of Munchausenism—that a French spy, in 1870, carried a photographic dispatch through the German lines in the hollow of one of his teeth.

AUTOMATIC MACHINERY.—An extraordinary statement in regard to the introduction of automatic machinery into some factories not far from Low Moor, near Bradford, England, has appeared in the *Warehouseman and Drapers' Trade Journal.* The writer says:

"We have visited the Oak mills by night, in company with Mr. Burns and a friend. The building itself was in darkness, but we could hear the rumble of machinery as we approached. The door was unlocked and a couple of candles were lighted. By the dim light we saw lines upon lines of the mills are over, the lights are put out, the building is locked up and the machines are left working all through the night, producing large quantities of beautiful articles in great variety of patterns in silk, cotton and wool. The method by which this result has been attained remains a secret. The only night attendant at the factory appears to be an engineer, inasmuch as he engine and boiler cannot be left to themselves."

BRICKS should always be wet before being laid. A wall twelve inches thick of wet-laid bricks is equivalent to one sixteen inches thick where the bricks have been put up dry.

How Chandler "Fit" in the War.

A. C. Buell writes in the Washington *Capital:*

It is not generally known that immediately after he had fired off his mouth with such deadly effect upon poor Slidell, Gen. Chandler ordered the unfinished Washington monument to be provisioned for a siege, and proceeded to garrison the Patent office with a large force of male and female volunteers from Michigan. Then, having secured his base of supplies, he took the field. He mounted a horse which had been bought for the Government by the celebrated Pennsylvania firm, of which Gen. Simon Cameron, as Secretary of War, was a silent partner, and armed himself with a Spencer rifle manufactured by Blaim in his capacity of "no deadhead." He drew on a pair of military boots made by a firm in Massachusetts, under a contract procured by the late Henry Wilson in his capacity of philanthropic chairman of the Senate Military Committee.

His noble head was covered with a cap made by the Hon. Thomas Murphy, of New York, subsequently friend of Grant and Collector of the Port. The rest of the uniform was supplied by a firm in Manchester, N. H., under a contract procured at the reasonable figure of twenty per cent. of the profits by a loyal Senator from that State; and he strapped upon the cantel of his saddle three days' forage supplied by some particular personal associates of the Hon. Reuben E. Fenton, of New York. He also took three days' rations of hard tack supplied by some intimate friends of the Hon. A. G. Cattell, of New Jersey, and the same of salt pork from some especial constituents of the Hon. E. F. Weed in Cincinnati. Then completing his equipment with a shovel to dig the graves of the dead, from the manufactory of Oakes Ames, Gen. Chandler took the field, as I understand it, with Col. Carroll as his chief of staff. From that time until the present moment Gen. Chandler has never slept. His life for eighteen years has been one constant battle.

He has led 118 forlorn hopes, charged the imminent deadly breach 444 times, formed a square to repulse cavalry on 317 occasions, when the fate of the nation hung trembling in the balance, and has won no less than 800 pitched battles, to say nothing of some thousands of skirmishes. He has literally been shot to pieces. You wouldn't think it to look at him; but really there is no more than three or four ounces of the original General Chandler now left for the applause of his countrymen. As for the shovel which he took along to dig graves for his dead, it was worn out early in the action; in fact General Chandler used up shovels for this purpose so rapidly that Oakes Ames, who had the exclusive contract for making them, amassed an immense fortune—made so much money that he was subsequently able to buy a Whole Republican Congress, including Garfield.

A MYSTERIOUS SPRING.—The Chattanooga (Tenn.) *Commercial* tells the following amusing story:

In the summer of 1838, the Third United States Artillery, commanded by Col. Gates, was encamped at the foot of the Missionary Ridge, engaged in the removal of the Cherokee Indians. One day the Colonel ordered out a fatigue party to clean out the spring, a beautiful fountain bubbling up at the foot of the ridge. Shortly after the sergeant reported to headquarters that his men were all drunk. Says the Colonel: "You should not have let the men drink whiskey." I did not," replied the sergeant: "they drank nothing but water from the spring." The sergeant and men were ordered into the guard-house and a new detail ordered and a lieutenant placed in command, with orders not to let the men have access to any spirits. Not long after the lieutenant reported the men all drunk. The men were ordered to the guard-house and the lieutenant under arrest. Another party was ordered out, of which Col. Gates took the command. He took his seat on a stump, so he could overlooked the whole ground, determined there should be no getting drunk this time. But behold! in a short time his men were all drunk. He was certain they had drank nothing but water, which they frequently did, getting down on their knees and drinking from the branch just below the spring. The Colonel was at his wits' end. The men were ordered to the guard-house and he repaired to his tent to think. After weighing the matter pro and con, he had to give it up, and repairing to the guard-house he told the men if they would show him how it was done he would release them, otherwise he would punish them severely. To this they agreed, and took him to the spring. Just below the spring, in the branch, they unearthed a five-gallon jug filled with whiskey, the mouth of which was stopped with a cork, in which was inserted a quill which reached to the bottom. When buried in the sand the upper end of the quill was just above the surface of the water, and when they wanted to drink they stooped down, inserted the quill in their mouth, and while apparently drinking pure water were drinking pure whiskey, and the Colonel, sitting on the stump in plain view, was none the wiser for it.

CYCLOPEDIA OF LITERATURE.—A list of the celebrated authors whose lives and writings are represented in the third volume of the new ACME edition of CHAMBERS' CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE, just received, is certainly very attractive to any person of fine literary taste. Fox, Penn, Baxter, Bunyan, Locke, Newton, Browne, Hale, Walton, Dryden, Temple, Evelyn, Pepys, Butler, Addison, Swift, Pope, Ramsay, Cibber, Steele, Berkeley, Defoe, and Bollingbroke, are a few of the brilliant stars which brighten the 416 pages. "It will bring gladness to many a scholar's heart," says the *Times of Philadelphia,* "to find that this truly admirable work has been brought within the range of shallow pockets." Eight such volumes, beautifully printed, and elegantly bound in cloth, for only $2.50, or by the single volume for 43 cents, postpaid, is certainly a marvel of cheapness, and should establish an enviable reputation for the publishers, if it can not make their fortune. Already they report a sale of nearly 60,000 volumes. It ought to be in every library and home in the land. Specimen pages and full particulars as to various styles of binding, terms to clubs, etc., will be sent free on request by the publishers, the AMERICAN BOOK EXCHANGE, 55 Beekman street, New York. The work is sold only to subscribers direct, and the present wonderfully low rates are offered only to early purchasers.

Volumes of the work can be seen at the office of this paper, and those who desire may add their names to a club soon to be forwarded.

HOW TO MAKE COLOGNE WATER.—With no trouble at all, any one can make in her own store room a better article of cologne than that which is usually bought, by thoroughly dissolving a fluid drachm of the oils of bergamot, orange, and rosemary, each with half a drachm of neroli and a pint of rectified spirits. As good as can be made out of cologne itself, however, is also prepared simply by mixing with one pint of rectified spirits two fluid drachms each of the oils of bergamot and lemon, one of the oil of orange, and half as much of that of rosemary, together with three-quarters of a drachm of neroli and four drops each of the essences of ambergris and musk.

If this is subsequently distilled it makes what may be called a perfect cologne, but it becomes exceedingly fine by being kept tightly stoppered for two or three months to ripen and mellow before use.—*The Chemist.*

Removed to Bank Building

—Next Door to Freidhoff's New Store.

CARL RIVINIUS,

Practical Watchmaker and Jeweler,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

HAS always on hand a large, varied and elegant assortment of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES, &c., which he offers for sale at lower prices than any other dealer in the county. Persons needing anything in his line will do well to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ Prompt attention paid to repairing Clocks Watches, Jewelry, &c., and satisfaction guaranteed in both work and price.

LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER

The great Blood Remedy of the age. Tetter, Scrofula, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Rose or Blood Humors, Female Weaknesses, Kidney Diseases, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood, are conquered by this great Vegetable Blood Purifier. Pure Blood is the guarantee of health. Read: "It cured my son of Scrofula."—*J. H. Brooks, Paintsville, O.* "It cured my child of Erysipelas."—*Mrs. E. Smithmer, Lawrence, Pa.* Price $1. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa. Sold by Druggists and Country Store Keepers.

J. C. McCINLEY'S

DINING ROOMS!

For Ladies and Gentlemen,

161 Wood Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

FINEST DINING ROOMS IN THE CITY.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS and SUPPERS served at short notice.

Nov. 22, 1878.-tf.

PAN-HANDLE ROUTE

(P. C. & ST. L. R'Y.)

THE DIRECT AND MOST

COMFORTABLE AND EXPEDITIOUS ROUTE

TO ALL POINTS IN THE

WEST, SOUTH and SOUTHWEST.

Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked

TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS.

Our Rates are the Lowest.

OUR ACCOMMODATIONS UNSURPASSED.

Our Trains Connect in UNION DEPOTS

With all the great Western Trunk Lines.

NO DELAYS! NO LONG TRANSFERS!

WE RUN NO EMIGRANT TRAINS.

All Classes of Passengers are Forwarded on Regular EXPRESS TRAINS, and go through WITHOUT DETENTION.

FROM THOSE SEEKING

Homes in the WEST

We invite correspondence, and endeavor to give trustworthy information. When necessary, our Traveling Agents will meet parties and be prepared to give satisfactory rates for transportation of passengers, household goods, live stock, etc.

Following is the time of Daily Express Trains via "Pan-Handle Route":

Leave Pittsburgh	8.42 a. m.	11.47 p. m.
Arrive St. Louis	7.35 a. m.	9.30 p. m.
" Kansas City	10.15 p. m.	10.00 a. m.

Connection is made in Union Depot, Kansas City, for all points in Kansas and Colorado. Two hundred pounds of baggage are checked free for colonists.

☞ If unable to procure tickets by the PAN-HANDLE ROUTE at nearest railroad station, Passengers should call on Agents at Union Depot, or at 78 Fifty avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa., and call for tickets via "PAN HANDLE ROUTE," by which line Omnibus Transfers are avoided. For Maps of Western Lands, Circulars, Pamphlets, &c., address W. L. O'BRIEN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Columbus, Ohio. [12 20.-6m.]

KANSAS FARMS

—AND—

FREE HOMES!

The KANSAS PACIFIC HOMESTEAD

Is published by the Land Department of the Kansas Pacific Railway Company, to supply the large and increasing demand for information about KANSAS, and especially the magnificent body of lands granted by Congress in aid of the construction of its road. This grant comprises

Five Million ACRES

OF LAND, consisting of every odd section in each township for a distance of twenty miles on both sides of the road, or one-half of the land in a belt forty miles wide, extending to Denver City, Colorado, thus forming a continuation of the belt of country which, from the Atlantic coast westward, is found to be, in climate, soil, and every production of nature, the most favored.

The Kansas Pacific

Is 114 Miles the Shortest Road from Kansas City to Denver.

The favorite route of the tourist and the best line to the

San Juan Country.

A copy of THE HOMESTEAD will be mailed free to any address by applying to

S. J. GILMORE, Land Commissioner,
P. B. GROAT, Salina, Kansas.
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.
March 14, 1879.-6m. Kansas City, Mo.

INCORPORATED IN 1857.

STRICTLY ON MUTUAL PLAN.

PROTECTION MUTUAL

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'NY

OF EBENSBURG, PA.

Premium Notes now in force - $129,000.

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Ebensburg, Jan. 31, 1879.-1y.

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Surgeon Dentist,

WILL make professional visits to Ebensburg on the FIRST MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one week. Also, will be in Wilmore on the SECOND MONDAY OF EACH MONTH, to remain one day. All work warranted.

Feb. 28, 1879.-tf.

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Lilly's, March 14, 1879.-1y.

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Office and residence on Fourteenth street, near Eleventh avenue, where night calls can be made. Office hours from 8 to 10, A. M., and from 2 to 4 and 6 to 8, P. M. Special attention paid to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, as well as to Surgical Operations of every description. [4.19.-tf.]

A. M. KEIM, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Ebensburg, Pa. Office recently occupied by Dr. J. J. Oatman, two doors west of Blair House, High st., where night calls can be made. Consultations in German as well as English. [9-5,'77.-tf.]

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It is useless to expatiate upon the virtues of this GREAT REMEDY. If you are suffering from BILIOUS ATTACKS, DYSPEPSIA, or INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY, or NERVOUS DISEASES, or any disorder arising from IMPURE BLOOD, get a bottle of VIGORENE and take it as per directions upon each bottle, in English, German, Russian, and French. One bottle will better convince you of its merits than volumes expressed in printer's ink.

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NO Revolving Shafts Inside the Separator. Entirely free from Beaters, Pickers, Rollers and all such complicated machinery, found in other machines. Perfectly adapted to all Kinds and Conditions, Grain, Wet or Dry, Long or Short, Headed or Bound.

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